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UNDER THE SNOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY O. ROMULUS BEERS.

Softly, lightly, feather'd snow-flakes
Fall upon my mother's tomb—
Add no more unto my sorrow,
To my loneliness and gloom.
Softly, lightly, white-winged snow-flakes
Fall upon the tear stained mound,
Where the sleeping form of mother
Waits the resurrection sound.

Long beside her grave I lingered,
Reading, on the marble stone,
Those dear loving words: "Our mother,"
Who to heaven's gate has flown;
Far above the snow-drops falling
Mother rests from worldly woe—
Snow-flakes only hide the mortal
Perishing beneath the snow.

And the white-wing'd flakes kept falling
From the dark o'erhanging cloud,
Till they wrapped the grave of mother
In a white and spotless shroud.
Then unto my heart I whispered,
As the tear-drops ceased to flow—
There could be no fitter mantle
O'er her grave than spotless snow.

THE TRUE AND THE FALSE;

OR,

WHEN THE SHIP COMES HOME.

CHAPTER XV.

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.—Milton.

Francis was too terribly in earnest to be doubted. His look and manner were those of one who had calmly premeditated this awful step. Ellen recoiled and her heart softened. Surely she had mistaken him. She had been rash and incautious. The least atonement she could make was to listen while he said all he had to say.

"If I have wronged you," she said kindly, "I am very, very sorry."

"Judge, when I have spoken, whether you have wronged me or not. With my purpose laid bare to you, Ellen, I leave my love—my more than love—to plead extenuation if I am wrong. Could the delicacy which prompted me to take such infinite pains to shield your name and honor be construed into the action of a crafty destroyer? Calmly, I think not. Ellen, I had made up my mind that to-night the die should be cast and my future destiny declared. If I have played a bold stake, it is because I am desperate. When last we met you gave me to understand that we should see each other once more, to part then forever. I have dealt upon that, and wondered whether I could possibly suffer the ordeal. Had I been entirely indifferent to you I might then have brought my pride to my aid and have fought down even the dearest passions of my heart; but, Ellen, you had led me to understand that you love me—Heaven knows how dearly I love you!—and the step you contemplated was fraught with so many elements, when you perhaps thought the friendship wrong, because with the barrier between us, of which you know, you could see no ultimate good. Ellen, you have told me I must part from you. I have well weighed the gravity of the question, I have searched the innermost recesses of my heart, and I tell you, even as I hope for salvation, that I cannot give you up. No! I am ready and determined to break down that hateful barrier, and, if the worst come, lose all I possess, so long as I keep you, Ellen."

He left his post at the door and went towards her. She was visibly affected. If this was a boy's romance it was terribly earnest, too terribly earnest to be turned aside by any amount of worldly sophistry. She could see that he was madly in love with her. To lose her meant despair, to think of her being another's meant dangerous desperation.

"Ellen," he said, taking her hand, and the light of his love-lit soul beamed into her glorious eyes through his own, and she was quiet now, "Ellen, with what sentiments I first decided to cultivate your acquaintance you may easily imagine. I had thought then to find only a simple-minded creature, a pleasant companion to pass away useless hours with, one who, like hundreds of others to be found every day, would be bought with simple speeches and gewgaws; but those thoughts were dispelled the moment I knew more of you. I became interested in Miss Temple; my boldness grew weak and then faded before your brain-power and cultivation. Need I detail, Ellen, every stage of emotion or sentiment my heart passed through? Interest, admiration, a love to hear you speak, to be near you, unconquerable desire to be in your company, and then a fierce, unreasoning adoration that can only be crushed out with life—all these have I felt one by one, and coming swiftly upon me in succession. Ellen, have I not shown that I revere you?"

"It is wise, Frank, to recall all this now? Love, such even as yours, should not teach us to forget our duty."

"When there is such love as mine, sweet Ellen, duty lies with it, for my love, you know, is shackled."

"Knowing that, how much more our duty to conquer while until you are free."

"Impossible, Ellen. Have I not thought this all over and over again? What does 'wait' mean to us? Doubt, uncertainty to both, to me torture, and possibly, in the end, separation."

"Is love so unstable, then?"

"I do not fear mine, Ellen, but I do yours. A strong sense of duty would make you sacrifice your love and me for your mother's sake, while I am selfish enough to think that it is my love which more justly demands the sacrifice."

"Should there be any sacrifice, Frank?"

"Listen and judge. You will understand me then, Ellen."

"I think I have always understood you."

"You have no doubt of me?"

"None, Frank."

"Thanks, darling, for that," said he rapturously. "And now that you understand my position, that you know my love for you is little else than adoration, consent to be my wife. In three days a private marriage can be effected, and until then you can stay with me as my sister. When you leave here that girl would follow you as maid, I know."

"Frank, we dare not do this," she said tearfully, but the energy of her proud spirit was fast giving way.

"Ellen, my life's happiness is at stake in this; I know too well that should you remain obdurate, that if I were to keep this passion down, a lonely sense of loss would follow me throughout my life, for no one could fill your place in my heart, however much I might try to find solace in an alliance—a substitute I could never find, Ellen. Anyone else would but serve to keep you fresh in my heart and my memory by comparison. O Ellen!" How fondly wistful was the man's tenderness, and passion quivered in his voice. Both Ellen's hands were held in his as he went on: "All that I have hitherto held dear I am willing to risk for you. If you loved me, Ellen, loved me with only an iota of my vast affection for you, you would make the sacrifice for my sake—if you only loved me?"

He uttered that plaintively. The words came like a saddened wail of lost hope. Ellen went closer to him—the fire of her secret passion shone out then. Her cheeks burned and she panted now, all her considerations swayed and unsettled by her unconfessed affection for him.

"Love, Frank! Heaven knows how I have fought against it! You have made me love you as I alone am capable of loving."

"My darling, my darling," he said softly, and drawing her to his breast—the secret was out, and love must take its course—"bless you, bless you tenfold for these sweet words. O Ellen! you know not how you have made me your slave in spite of myself; and yet you doubt me."

"Doubt you! O Frank, dear Frank!"

"Why not, then, consent to come with me?"

"You do not think of the parent waiting for me at home, of the heartache which I should bring upon her. Remember, Frank, in trusting you I should be at your mercy. I could not go back, the sinful step once taken—and to lead you into temptation—"

"Not so, my pet. Most sacredly do I promise to give you the protection of matrimony. Until I have your consent, remain, as I have supposed to, my brother and sister. I have but one thing to implore of you—that you will keep our alliance a secret until such time as I give you permission to divulge it. As to your mother, a judicious letter will calm her fears. The marriage need not be kept secret from her always. The first pang over, and all will be well, Ellen. Ellen, on my knees I implore your consent. Do not leave me again, do not leave me a lonely, aimless, purposeless waif, to be carried idly along the stream of life, like a straw cast ruthlessly in an everflowing river, with no one to guide or comfort me, to help me fight against my enemies, who so long since have been trying to subtly weave a mesh around me, from which I may never escape with life or reason?"

He had sunk on his knees, his eloquent face upturned to hers, his voice piteously pleading to her, like a child about to lose its only friend and protector.

"Ellen, I could and would face the world boldly with you by my side as my wife—face my enemies and challenge them to their worst. Don't leave me. Don't go from me. Don't take your glorious love from me, all that I want to give my life a purpose."

Poor Ellen! her utterances were broken, as was his then, with the deep and dangerous love for him, which she had tried so hard to fight down. How could she turn a deaf ear to his pleading, how refuse him that little sacrifice of conventionality which would render him happy as well as herself, and make her a lady out of the reach of the invidious tide of want? Surely no one had better rights than she that had turned this boy's infatuation for her into slavish love. He had intended to make her a toy; she had made him a slave.

"Frank," she said, in a voice singularly sweet, and which charmed him more than all the most endearing terms rolled into one, "rise; this is a painful moment for me, and if—Heaven forgive me for it—I consent, I must warn you of the magnitude of this termination to what I had wished to keep as only an innocent friendship."

"I implore you to find no more objections, Ellen."

"Only such as I deem just. Cooler reflection may come to-morrow, and, deeming me at your mercy, you might be tempted to——"

"Stop, stop!" he cried. "You are paining me. Ellen, my love is no less sacred than my vow, and my vow is solemnly sworn to Heaven."

Again he pleads his love, tells of his wrongs, his homelessness in spite of his wealth. Ellen Temple is brought to give confession for confession in exchange. Vows are renewed, friends, relations, parent and Charles Ruhl are all forgotten! The old, old story over again; will it ever be so old that the young and confiding will learn to leave it untried? Surely no. Each fresh, confiding girl loves to believe that she is an exception, that the promises are given to be kept, the vows fulfilled. Only for this there would be none betrayed, only for this; and yet such confiding love, such simple faith, will live while life's young dreams are unbroken—live as surely and as long as time.

Now that the struggle was over and the winged conqueror had done his work, painful reflections by no means intruded themselves upon Ellen. Love is accountable only for its flight and freaks. If there was any excuse to offer for this improper step, love—her great love for him was that excuse.

The present hour was happy enough. How much there was to talk of what the future should be, the sights to be seen, route of travel to run over, the home in England in time to come.

The clock in the room struck one. That started Ellen into a sudden fit of realism; to be sitting up with a brother at the small hours of the morning was like just cause for comment. She bade him a fond good-night, and hurried up to her own room.

Alone, she became the victim of mental unrest. There was no controlling or curbing her mind then. It raged over the past, played havoc with the future, presented views of her home and those who were in it with a rapidity incomprehensible, but with none of that puzzling little instrument's pleasantness. She hailed the morning with partial gladness and fear.

It was early when Dyse knocked at the door of the room. Ellen was glad of her presence. She could not help thinking of her mother's dread uncertainty as to her fate, and that thought pained her. Once out of her room, and Frank did not leave her much time for morbid reflections. He had carefully laid out a whole round of pleasures which would occupy every hour of this day, and the evening would be spent at the opera or a theatre. Ellen had written a brief letter home, an ambiguous little missive, partly dictated by Hopetown.

"I wish this had been written last night," she said "Poor dear mamma will be half over London making inquiries for me ere it reaches her."

"My dear child, a few hours' alarm is a trifle only when one thinks of the many who have to bear great griefs. Daughters who have left home but for a few hours' pleasure and are drowned in a boating excursion or mangled in a railway accident, sons who become felons, or meet with an untimely end—they are the troubles, mighty griefs, that come too sadly often upon mothers, who vainly seek for the cause of such dreadful punishment falling upon them, knowing, perhaps, that they have led as good a life as most people, better than some."

He had always some argument of this kind at hand to quell a rising fear or banish vague or real alarms; then, again, he seemed so intensely happy, was so tender, so attentive and lovable, talked so gayly of his future, of the reformation he felt already coming over him, that Ellen could not find heart to reproach him, or herself to him for the step he had taken.

No; they had lingered on the banks of life's treacherous stream, wavering and uncertain, until confidence had grown and strengthened. Then they watched the tide, looked far beyond, and at last, hand-in-hand, had taken the great plunge, to be torn asunder by conflicting elements, and cast wrecked on the barren rocks of care or remorse, or to be borne along to the broad sea where a fairer destiny awaited them, and the sunlight of life lit them on to a land of content and prosperity. Duty fulfilled, a virtuous life now, the work of Heaven accomplished in regeneration, and a sublime eternity awaited them. Was it not worth the struggle? Would that struggle be made? Time will tell.

CHAPTER XVI.

If you've any grief to meet
At the loving Father's feet—meet it.

Swift and terrible the first great blow of trouble fell upon Mrs. Temple. The heart-aching, dread uncertainty of that first night of Ellen's absence, the fearful agony of the dreadful morning that followed, the brain-crushing conflict of frightened, feeble hope and awe-inspiring fear, the stupefaction of senses that followed, had made her irresolute which way to turn for news of her whose love-mark had been deeply imprinted in the mother's heart of hearts, the curtained cradle lay rocking at her feet.

Nothing is harder for the human heart to conceive than that a great calamity has hopelessly fallen upon it. Not when Mrs. Temple learned that Ellen had left the firm early on the previous day, not when the police-offices had been visited and a record of any accident could be heard, could she help trying to account for Ellen's absence as some willful, thoughtless freak.

Sunday was a renewal of Saturday night, only with all the terrible sensations intensified. Amy sat with the children silent; she had ceased to try and comfort her distracted mother, whose blanched white face appeared at the window of the quiet front parlor all that live-long day.

Night was simply a period of sleepless torture, and Monday brought the climax, and though Mrs. Temple could not believe the awful truth even with the letter in her hand, it brought relief, for the greatest agony was in suspense.

Mrs. Temple had unconsciously read the letter aloud, and Amy had eagerly drunk in every word. Mrs. Temple made no comment; she turned with an inquiring look on her face and gazed intently at her remaining child, and then with a low gasp she fled from the room, that she might think and sorrow over her great grief alone.

Hour after hour Amy awaited the return of her mother, but she did not return. Poor Amy had been weeping as if her susceptible little heart would break. When at last the day had grown apace she grew alarmed and crept slowly upstairs to her mother's room. Mrs. Temple was lying on her bed, with Ellen's letter clasped in her hand—asleep or in a swoon. Very softly Amy approached the bedside and glanced into her mother's pale face, and then listened to her breathing.

She was asleep. The two nights of agonized sleeplessness had worn her out. The mental excitement removed by the worst being known, her brain had sought that repose for her body which her mind had so long deprived it of. Sleep had stolen upon her unconsciously. The tears were still wet upon her cheeks, and at short intervals her bosom heaved and fell as each long-drawn sigh, moaning its way to liberty, left her pallid lips.

Amy sat on a chair by her side and watched her. Now that her mother lay crushed beneath this second great trouble, her childish, tender heart clung even more dearly than ever to her. Two hours later and Mrs. Temple awoke, to find Amy clinging to and weeping over her.

"My darling."

"O ma! Dear, dear ma!"

Mrs. Temple took the remaining child to her breast, and held her there. This was the last refuge now for her shattered heart.

"Oh, Amy, my pet, you will never leave me like this? You will never turn from one who has cherished you, as I did her, since the first day you saw the light?"

"Never, never, my darling mamma. Never; indeed I won't! I'll love you and stay with you always."

Mrs. Temple kissed her passionately.

"O Heaven!" she moaned, "what have I done to be thus punished? Oh, this blank, this dreary, dreary blank in my future, for who but a parent knows what it is to lose a child whose presence, whose life is to fill our future?"

And she wept again.

"Ma, dearest ma, don't take on so. Ellen says she will write again soon. She has only gone for a time. She will come back some day, and make you happy, ma. Perhaps it's a secret marriage, ma. She told me she loved the strange gentleman, but that he couldn't have his marriage made public yet."

"My child, so many—sadly many—have said that, so many, like Ellen, have believed it, and gone away, like her, only to be destroyed and cast aside, and left a thing of shame, unworthy of the life it has disgraced, and afraid to meet its Maker, whose most sacred commandment has been broken."

"Oh, no, no, ma! Ellen is too good. I thought she would run away, because she was not happy, and Charles would try and make her love him, though she couldn't. Dear, dear ma, you must forgive her."

"Forgive! Heaven knows how willingly, if she would only come back; not otherwise. Not if she brings dishonor on my name—never, never then."

"But she will not, dear ma. I am sure she will not," pleaded Amy, in her childish faith. The world's sin, in its terrible vastness, was unknown to her yet.

Mrs. Temple sighed wearily and dried her eyes. Looking at her youngest and only remaining child, she began to reflect that she owed a duty there. She must be cared for and watched over. That was some alleviation of her sorrow. She rose calmer and more resigned now. A mighty grief like hers was likely to sink silently and deep into her life after the first outburst of sorrow was over. Lighter cares may proclaim themselves when their sting is long since died out. Great griefs, like great wrongs, never. You nurse them in secret, fearful lest they should be misunderstood or slighted. It is only the sufferer who can understand the magnitude.

Carefully Mrs. Temple put Ellen's letter away, and then descended with Amy to the sitting-room.

"I wish Charles were here," she said. "What will he say—what can he say—when he hears of this?"

"He is a man, and strong, and can and ought to bear it," answered Amy, with something like her old fire and spirit. "If I were a man I would bear anything that could not be helped."

"Men suffer in their affections as much, if not more, than women, my dear."

Amy wondered why they should, but made no answer. Her knowledge of mythological heroes gave her rather a false notion of mankind. She simply considered the heathen gods heroes who lived in almost forgotten ages, and if men were different now then she concluded that they had sadly degenerated. She had an infinite contempt for Antony since she had come across the passage in the history of his time which tells us that he left his seat, when the solemn council was sitting, to run after Cleopatra, whom he saw pass the door.

The dull house at Kennington was duller after the loss of Ellen. Mrs. Temple became sad and melancholy. She went out more or less every day for Amy's sake. She would have written the terrible tidings to Charles Ruhl, had not a letter arrived from him stating that during the remainder of his stay on the Continent he should have so many places to go to that the same address would not find him two consecutive days.

"I shall be home soon," he wrote. "You may expect me any day next week; so do not write."

Mrs. Temple was sorry for this; she would so much sooner have warned him of his loss. Now she dreaded almost to meet him, though she longed to have him back again with her. At the end of the first week of Ellen's absence another letter came from her. This was a long one, in which she expressed much solicitude for her mother and sister, said that she was happy, and would very soon be able to remove any apprehension on her account, but protested she could not enter into particulars. Her purpose and her actions were wrapped in a good deal of mystery.

"Do not fear for me, my darling mother," she wrote. "I have committed no other sin than breaking the laws of conventionality, and disobeying you, dearest mother, in not looking forward to him whom very sanguinely when I shall be heartily and gladly forgiven. Kiss darling Amy for me, and tell the dear little woman that all my clothes which I left, and the trinkets—those not given me by Charles—are hers; some of the things you can alter for her now, others will do for when she is bigger. Do not judge me too hastily. If I have erred in thus accepting a future of my own choosing, fate, if outraged, will make me suffer a severe penalty. Leave all to Heaven's guidance."

She had inclosed a note for Ruhl. It briefly craved for his forgiveness, told him that she did not think they were fitted for each other, said that she had been mindful of her future and of the honor and happiness of those belonging to her in the step she had taken. Mrs. Temple put the letters away sadly enough, they failed to remove the doubt at her heart—a failing which Ellen was ever ridiculed for—the envelopes were stamped with the Paris postmark; that was the only clue Mrs. Temple had to Ellen's destination. Mrs. Temple sat watching and waiting every day now, expecting Charles home, and he came at last, when the twilight was setting in and the quiet of Kennington was disturbed by the return of clerkdom from the dusty city.

He leapt out of the cab with a light step and lighter heart. His pale face was bronzed a bit by the sun, the eternal cigar was between his teeth, exhaling its fragrant odors, tantalizing the cabman and his passers-by, who, stealing a sniff, went on with a sigh. Ruhl was particularized for his cigars. He was never without them, and as a rule never gave one away. The rule was proved by an occasional exception. Brinsley had been one.

"Hillo! petite Cleopatra," he said, rather boisterously and free and easy, as he entered the hall. Amy had opened to him the street door. "Why, what's in the wind?" kissing her and looking sharply into her face. "Pale cheeks, black round the eyes, langunishment of sadness. Come, what you say to that?" (One of his remaining Germanisms are the last five words.) "Where is mamma?"

Amy pointed with her plump forefinger to the parlor, and Ruhl, holding her to him, led her in. Mrs. Temple had risen. She was trying hard to remain calm, that she might prepare him for the terrible blow.

"Well, mamma, and you're not looking well." He took both her hands and shook them heartily. "Ah, well, I am back again, and will give you all a shaking-up, eh? Good times coming, you know. My ship is fairly on the sea. Now, Blackeyed Susan, my hand-trunk. Ah, here are my keys; let's see what we have here."

He fished his small portmanteau on to the table and unlocked it, and, lifting out some of his wardrobe, he brought to light a few tiny cardboard boxes, each containing the latest novelties in Paris and Vienna gewgaws.

"Here, mamma, one for you. Amy, one for you. Come, come, do not look at your own until you have seen these. Look now! for my little princess! Ah! she is not here yet! Both silent! What you say? Why ——"

He glanced up from the jewel-case he was opening just then.

Mrs. Temple was weeping; Amy sullen and sorrowful, with her pouting mouth firmly locked.

"Ahs!"

The jewel-case was laid upon the table, the stump of the cigar carried its fragrance and its ashes out of the open window. Wonderstricken and sensible of a terrible alarm stealing upon him, Charles Ruhl asked:

"What is the matter?"

"Oh, Charles, Charles," sobbed Mrs. Temple, "I wish I could have warned you. I wish I could. I weep for you—weep for you."

"Mamma, where is Ellen?"

"Gone from us."

"Gone from us! How? Is she dead?"

"No, no!"

"Heaven be thanked! What then? How is she gone—with whom?"

"I know not. She left town the Saturday following your departure. Read these!"

Despite of his nerve, of his German stolidity, Charles Ruhl's hands shook and his soul sickened. He read. The letters, or rather their contents, forced themselves upon his bewildered brain in words that seemed written in fire, and which danced and blazed upon his starting eyes like the torturing phantasy of a nightmare.

Ruhl put the letters down and sank back into an easy-chair. Never from the first had he wholly despaired. Now every hope was crushed out. He became hot and flushed. His temples throbbed and his heart seemed to swell and sicken. Now that she seemed utterly lost to him, he felt more than ever how dear she had been. He tried to look calmly in the face of this great trouble, tried to think what would become of all this; but he could not.

"She has gone to him at last," he said.

"To whom, Charles?"

"Francis Hopetown. Heaven help her and protect her too! O Heaven! to think that she should have been so blinded by that boy. By Heaven! wrong or wronged, she shall come back to us, even if in shame and sin."

A pale purple flush flashed across the broad white brow, and his white hands clenched. Then he started up and went to his own room to better realize his great sorrow. The dull house at Kennington underwent a painful moral change. Charles Ruhl was irregular in his habits now, but he bore his trouble in silence.

Now and then he would come home and sit up late into the night writing or perusing documents which showed more or less signs of age. Ellen's name, by mutual consent, was never mentioned in the house now. Many weeks had passed since the last letter came from her, and no further tidings arrived.

"They are sure to come back to London soon," Ruhl said one morning, mentioning for the first time Ellen and the man who had betrayed her from her home. "It will be time then to act."

A morning or two later his first question on coming down to breakfast was: "Has the boy left the newspaper?"

"Yes, Charles," said Amy, fetching him the paper from the hall table.

He turned over the pages eagerly, almost excitedly. Suddenly his glance rested on the "money column;" his face flushed, and a curious smile wreathed his lips. Reading aloud:

"If this should meet the eye of Mr. Brinsley R. Congreve or his college friend, if either living and can be found, or the solicitors of the former will communicate to J. B., late of Clyde Hall, Bucks, they may avert a domestic calamity."

"What a singular advertisement," said Mrs. Temple.

"Yes," said Charles, with a hard look about the mouth and a rapid smile. "J. B. H. seems to me to stand for John Beaufort Hopetown. Hyde Hall, Bucks, was his father's country-seat."

"Is not that the member of the family who is supposed to be lost?"

"Yes."

"But Mr. Congreve is dead?"

"True. But his friend—I am living. There will be some profitable work for me if this is the genuine John Hopetown. I will write to him at once. Let me see; address, Grand Hotel, Ems."

"Your firm is connected with him, is it not?"

"Yes. By Heavens! his return will bring Francis Hopetown to his senses or drive him out of them more than he is, the madman."

"Charles, you do not mean that he is mad?"

"Yes, I do. The man who has robbed you of a daughter is scarcely accountable for his actions. Insanity is in the family, even in distant branches of it. Mrs. Congreve is insane; Brinsley, too, when he committed self-murder."

Mrs. Temple shuddered. Scarcely tasting his breakfast, Ruhl hastened upstairs and answered the singular advertisement and took the letter with him to post on his way to the firm. Before the end of the week an answer came back. Ruhl read it out with a short, harsh, triumphant laugh.

DEAR MR. RUHL.—How strange it seems after this great lapse of years to write that name once so frequently on my lips! Thank you gladly for your prompt reply, also one from Congreve's solicitor. Poor fellow, what a dreadful end for him! I have been here a short time. Hitherto I have been an aimless, half-demented wander, living Heaven knows how, caring not for a life which had become a burden to me through the loss of my poor young wife and family. All—all are gone! Tell me of my father. I have been told he is dead. Did he mention me? Shall I be received in England? Can I return to the position which was mine by right, or am I to wander a penniless outcast? Write me by return, and if there is hope for me I will hasten over to you. Every hour's suspense is agony; so kindly alleviate that and merit the old friendship of yours very faithfully, though in sorrow,

JOHN BEAUFORT HOPETOWN.

"Risen from the grave," said Ruhl, in such a sepulchral voice that Amy looked up surprised. "Poor John, he has been robbed and wronged long enough!"

"You will write him?" asked Mrs. Temple.

"No," was the curt reply. "He may not be the man."

"But how could he know you?"

"Strange things happen in this world, mamma, stranger things than this. I shall go to him and take an attorney's clerk with me."

"When do you go?"

"To-night or early to-morrow; half the battle is won by a surprise."

"Will he have any difficulty in establishing his identity?"

"No; if he is John Hopetown."

"And you think he is?"

"Something tells me that I am going to meet poor Congreve's oldest and best friend. Poor fellow, he has been wronged and robbed long enough."

"You seem to interest yourself, Charles, in this unhappy young man," said Mrs. Temple, noticing how different he was of late; it was so unlike his usual German, stolid indifference.

"Yes," he answered impressively, "I do. Why not? Why should I not love justice and right? Why should I not try and aid and even direct the course of justice?"

He rose as he spoke, and, kissing Amy, left the room, and ten minutes later was on the way to the firm. Arriving there, he showed the letter from the newly-found Hopetown to Mr. Coburg, and suggested his plan of operation.

"I know him," he said, "and should be able to unmask an impostor in a moment. While we should endeavor to reinstate the right man, since he was forgiven and reinstated by his father, we should be careful that the next heir is not robbed by a plausible impostor."

"Very worthy and creditable sentiments," murmured Mr. Coburg, who more than admired this honest, upright, energetic, virtuous young man. "No doubt Messrs. Kitefly & Skyler will send one of their clerks with you who can witness the interview. When will you start?"

"By an early train to-morrow morning."

"Very well. Draw what you think will be required. Do not stint yourself, my dear Ruhl. His fortune is large enough for you to be handsomely paid for your interest and trouble. He should be very gratified at finding a friend so ready to serve him, and disinterestedly too."

Ruhl's radiant smile was upon his lips then, but it was swept away by a grave tide of thoughts ere the head of the firm could look up. There were no sad "good-byes" this time, no one to leave behind whose memory would cause him a sigh. Ruhl seemed anxious to get away, and he traveled in company with the solicitor's clerk as if he were on a mission of life and death.

He made no unnecessary stoppages, no uncalled-for delays, but hurried on until he was in that princely resort, Ems, and then a hired carriage took him to the Grand Hotel. A postscript in the letter had warned him that Hopetown was staying here in the name of Beaufort, not wishing to be embarrassed by an untimely recognition.

He inquired of the waiters for Mr. Beaufort, and sent up his card, and in five minutes he stood in the presence of the once-discarded heir of John Hopetown, the man who had survived wreck and pestilence, and arisen as if from the grave.

TO BE CONTINUED.

UNKNOWN REGIONS OF THE GLOBE.—According to a writer in *The Academy*, there are four vast areas which have never been traversed by civilized man, and which among them constitute about one-seventeenth of the whole area of the globe. Of these the greatest is the Antarctic region, the extent of which is about seventy-five times that of Great Britain; the second lies about the North Pole; the third is in Central Africa; and the fourth in Western Australia. The areas of these unknown regions of the globe are estimated, approximately, at about 11,600,000 square miles.

CAPTURE, BY AN INDIAN, OF THE WILD HORSE

Which Eaton Stone subsequently rode in circuses, and which attracted great attention while performing at Drury-lane Theatre, London, Eng., in 1851. For description, see elsewhere.

BOYHOOD'S HOME.

TO JAMES HEYWOOD.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY DOC. W. H. SMITH.

Dear old home, of bygone years,
For thy green everglades I sigh—
Where Summer casts its magic spell
Of brightness on the cloudless sky;
Where blooming flowers deck the way,
And fill the air with perfume sweet,
Where song-birds chaunt the live-long day,
Where beauties grace each day we meet.

I've wandered in the hoary East—
Land of the Prophets, Kings of old—
I've loitered on the classic shores
Where the dark-blue Ægean rol'ed;
I've stood beneath the burning sun
That heats the shifting tropic sands;
And I have roamed the forests wild
Of our own Western level-lands.

But ever has my fond heart turned
With longing and with love to thee,
As sailors' hearts turn to their homes
From the vast wilderness of sea;
When I have laid me down to rest,
Lulled by the voice of foreign streams,
My spirit winged its way through space,
To tread thy soil again in dreams.

Dreaming thus, I have lived again
'Mid scenes that now are but reflections
Of bygone years, gone silently by,
Freighted with many sad recollections;
Some crowned with the garland of roses,
Some laden with the sprigs of rue:
But, my boyhood's home, each one discloses
Some sweet remembrance of you.

Albion, N. Y., Christmas, 1874.

"JENNIE'S GIFT."—A TRUE STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY H. A. DARLEY.

About ten months ago, while in Alabama, filling an engagement with Ben De Bar, Esq., our company made a two weeks' stand at ——. Having nothing to do one morning, I strolled into a police-court, merely to pass away an hour or so. Blacks and whites were on an equality there, and I ran my eye over the prisoners awaiting their trials. Not a very interesting sight, for rags and dissipation were prominent features with them all, and one by one they were examined by the Judge, and disposed of according to the offense, until one alone remained. He was a tall, well-proportioned man, of about thirty; his face had once been handsome, but the deep furrows of care about his eyes and mouth had bereft him of all beauty. His general expression was woe-begone beyond redemption. He was charged with vagrancy; "caught him sleeping in a cellar, in Conti street, yer honor," the officer explained.

"Your name?" interrogated his honor.

"Robert Leighton, sir," was the response.

"Your age?"

"Twenty-seven, sir."

"Where do you live?"

The man hesitated before replying, then said: "Wilmington, Jersey, *was* my home, but bitter fate, that is almost too severe, has made the world my home."

"Search him, officer," said his honor, and the man underwent a trial that made his sensitive frame quiver with indignation.

"Here's something, yer honor," exultingly cried the officer, working his fingers about the lining of the man's ragged vest. "Here's something sewed up in his vest."

"Cut it out," said his honor, suspiciously eyeing the vagrant; and the officer, obeying his injunctions, soon brought to view a gold pencil with attached pen, which on being handed to the presiding functionary was critically examined.

"I will take charge of this," he said, "until I find the owner. You stand committed." The latter to the prisoner.

The prisoner stepped towards the bar, and raising his hands towards Heaven cried:

"O Judge, don't take *that!* It was a gift from—from one who is dearer than life to me. I was not always what I seem; but don't keep *that!*"

"Do you not know that vagrancy is punishable with imprisonment?"

"I do, sir; but what is a man to do? I was happy until the panic came and swept away my little all. I tried to retrieve my fallen fortunes, but Providence had completely deserted me. Although by traveling I might in some distant State earn enough to start again in the world. But from one place to another I went, and everybody shunned me with disdainful glances. The facts were soon apparent, for I was ragged and dirty beyond recognition. I reached the South with no better success. As days followed days, and weeks crept into months, I lost all care; and from cabins on the road I begged life's essentials; sometimes an old coat. But this is my first offense anywhere, your honor, as God is my judge!"

There was a slight stir in the room at the conclusion of the prisoner's speech, and even the seemingly stern Judge relaxed a little at the appealing tone. After eyeing him for a moment, the Judge, leaning his huge body forward, and clearing his throat, said:

"Extenuating circumstances being admitted in your behalf, I hereby discharge you with this advice: Leave off this life. Try to be a man among men. There is room enough in this world for double the number of occupants, and you may go; but remember, if you are again caught in this county, *upon any charge*, you will be severely dealt with. Here is your pencil, and in memory of her who gave it you, reform, reform! *Go!*"

Eagerly the prisoner grasped the gift restored to him, pressing it to his heart, then impressing kiss after kiss upon it. At that moment his honor wanted to wipe his spectacles, and turned his head for the purpose, while the vagrant said:

"Thank you, your honor, and may Heaven bless you for your kindness. If I do raise myself to a proper eminence, I will endeavor to repay you with tenfold interest," and he hurried out of the place.

I had grown greatly interested in the fellow's eventful narration, and I followed him out. On emerging from the court-house I saw him talking, apparently undecided as to what course to pursue. Approaching, and touching him on the shoulder, I said:

"Looking for work?"

"Yes, if 'tis honest," he replied, quickly.

"Then it will be worth your while to call at the La Clede Hotel this evening, about seven o'clock. Until then here are four bits for you." He was averse to taking the half dollar, but I pressed it upon him, and in reply he said:

"I'll be there, sir, trust me," and then he walked away.

I don't know to this day what impelled me to act as I did, but I had formed a resolution while returning to the hotel. On reaching it I sought out the different members of the company, related the circumstances, and ended by saying, "I'm going to raise a subscription for him, and put down four bits. If you want to assist him, send in your cash to me for a worthy cause, no matter how little you give. Try and rake up a suit of clothes for him, and send him on his way rejoicing." And as I painted the picture of poor humanity to them, I saw hands holding out two and four bits, several dollars from leading members, until I had thirteen dollars and sixty five cents lying on the table in front of me, besides several offers of old clothes.

At night, when the man appeared, I gave him some baskets to take round to the theatre, and on his return I gave him what had been contributed, and told him to be more careful on the future for Jennie's sake.

"Will I, sir, *will* I be careful?" he managed to articulate between mingled thanks and sobs, "I can write to her now, and tell her I have a *little* money, and it will bring a rosy hue to her fading cheeks and cause her gentle heart to throb with joy. I shall never forget this, sir; I can never sufficiently thank you. I trust we shall meet again. May you ever be as successful as you are generous. Good-bye, sir, and God bless you!" and he was gone.

For a few days after I marveled much at what the man was doing; but a month had obliterated the circumstance from my memory.

* * * *

Nine months after and I was again in Alabama, traveling with Zoe. We opened in Montgomery to a large house, and I noticed in the right-hand box a lady and gentleman. The former was a beautiful woman, not over twenty-four, with roses nestling in her plump, dimpled cheeks, and the light of love beaming from her pretty blue eyes. The gentleman presented a fine appearance, was dressed tastefully but not extravagantly. Susceptibility to female charms is my leading propensity, and I confess that my eyes were ever on the lady, as were, it seemed, hers on me. "A regular mash!" I thought to myself, and I resolved upon opportunity to bow to her. I did so, and strange as it may appear, both lady and gentleman responded.

Nothing daunted, I sent a note to the gentleman said, defining my absent look; "but you have ever been in my thoughts. Probably were it not for you, sir, all this would have been denied me. A loving wife would still have been a heart-weary maiden, miles from here, sobbing away her poor life to realms above, at my hard fortunes."

I just then remembered of having somewhere seen a pair of eyes, the counterpart of those now beaming upon me with a joyous light. I managed to inform my host that I was unable to account for the honor done me, and requested an explanation, which he was about to give when dinner was announced, and we adjourned to partake thereof. It was then that I received the following explanation:

"About a year ago," the gentleman commenced, "I was in ——, in a court-room, charged with vagrancy——"

"Stop!" I cried; "do you mean—yes, it all returns to me now; you are the one we gave relief to. But exclude those scenes—they must be painful to you—and relate your after experience."

"Those scenes *are* painful to me," he resumed; "but, nevertheless, ever green in my memory. I can never forget the generosity shown me upon that occasion, and by a class of people I had been accustomed to revile. But to my story. After effecting a complete change in my attire, I started—for where I did not know. For days I traveled, visiting all the printing offices I met (I am by trade a compositor), making sometimes enough to keep a little money to lay by for occasions. I at last reached this city, and devoted my time in procuring a situation. A luck would have it, I found myself in *The Daily* —— office, wherein I stated my object—also mentioning the fact of my being, at one time, city editor of *The* ——; and I was given a trial as compositor and job-reporter. I soon established my worth, and step by step I grew in estimation until I was appointed general superintendent of the paper. Frugality in all things soon gave me a smart sum of money, and, six months after, I fitted up this little cage and then sent for my bird. Is she not of plumage rich enough to adorn it? Ah, sir, and all through you! I was accorded this happiness. I never sufficiently word my thanks, for language cannot express them. By you and your friends I was lifted from the mire. But, sir, I think my eloquence completely overcome 'his honor' when I saw they were about to deprive me of Jennie's gift. The world was dark then, but now the lights of love and prosperity is beaming within me, and my soul is filled with undying joy. God bless the actors forever!"

And so ended his story. Truly, how strange and inexplicable are the workings of circumstance.

Sponges.

Sponges inhabit every sea and shore, and differ very much in habit of growth. For whilst some can only be obtained by dredging at considerable depths, others live near the surface, and others, again, attach themselves to the surface of rocks and shells between the tide marks. Like the corals, they revel in every variety of shape and tint; imitate, like them, every form of vegetation; and adorn, like them, the submarine grounds with their fantastic shrubberies. The fine collection of West India sponges exhibited in the Crystal Palace, but to which fancy they must add the additional ornament of color, may serve to give some idea of their prodigal versatility of growth. More than sixty different species have been discovered in the British waters alone, and as they go on increasing in numbers, size, and beauty, until they attain their highest development along the shores of the tropical ocean, they no doubt hold a conspicuous rank among the living wonders of the sea.—*The Sea and its Living Wonders, by Dr. G. Hartwig.*

Sagacity of the Wolf.

Of the sagacity of the wolf in pursuit of its prey we read the following anecdote in *The Museum of Philosophique sur le Language des Betes:* A gentleman on his journey through one of the southern provinces of France perceived a wolf that seemed to be watching a flock of sheep. He informed the shepherd of it, and advised him to set his dogs instantly at him. "I shall do no such thing," says the shepherd. "The wolf you see is planted there only to divert my attention

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1875.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department. Answers by mail.

B. S. P., New Haven.—1. At straight poker, a player cannot take up more than one card at a time from the board after the dummy has been turned up. B could not exchange his hand for the hand with which C had helped to make by throwing a card onto the board. 2. A could not draw from the dummy hand unless the privilege was conferred by the dealer. 3. Seabrook's opponent will "have pay for his lesson," we suppose, although it is hard to have to pay much for learning that at euchre a player can go alone who is ordered up by his opponent! 4. At euchre, if A, who is dealer twice in succession, discards on the second deal, B will *not* have to play the hand. B can claim his deal at any time before the eldest hand (himself, in this instance) has led. 5. Hearts being trump at division-loo, and A leading the seven of trumps, C cannot play the six when he also holds the king. He could not "play as he thought best," but must play his king—in other words, must lead it. 6. At whist, ten tricks having been taken in, and it being found that A has but two cards left, while B, C, and D have three apiece, it is not a misdeal if the missing card "is found in the floor on A's right hand." The deal stands, the hand is to be played out, and A and his partner are entitled to all they can make. At the same time, the card on the floor being a spade, the opposing side are entitled to three points for a revoke if it appears that at any time A refused a spade. 7. At straight raffles, three fours will beat two sixes and a five. It is sometimes played differently, as that two deuces and an ace will beat three aces; but this, like an assisted player's going alone at euchre, has to be made a matter of mutual agreement. The preponderance of practice everywhere is that three fours will beat two fives and a three or a five or a six, because the last hour is harder to get, by three to one, than either a three, a five or a six; and the preponderance of practice in euchre is that the dealer cannot go alone after his partner has exposed his cards by discarding. 8. The first partner has exposed his cards by discarding. 8. The first sentence pointed out are clearly erroneous, according even to "American Hoyle," which we do not go much on, however; and all but the seventh are wrong according to any authority. Only this can be said of that—the dice are sometimes counted that way.

RUSSELL, Boston.—1. Jack, king, queen, ace and deuce are not a straight at any kind of poker. 2. There has never been any Hoyle on euchre. 3. There is a work called "American Hoyle," which says that an assisted player can go alone at euchre. The book is a mere private enterprise. It represents neither the practice nor the best judgment of good card-players, and is authority only for those who are willing to accept it as a convenience. Thus book and the paper to which you refer have quite a peculiar interested history. 4. It is the agreement of good players everywhere. 5. At straight poker every man cannot pass and come in again; but any man, if no one ahead of him has declared, can pass and then, if all pass behind him, come in, provided someone *behind* him has meanwhile made a bet. If every man passes, it becomes a double-header. 6. To draw poker, only the last page of a pack is used in dealing after the draw. Before it anyone can do so, provided he does no also pass a bet. 7. You must show. The player you call has the same right to see your cards as you have to see his; and it is the privilege of the other six coin-betting players to see both hands, as a guaranty that neither is foul. 8. THE CLIPPER decides ten card questions where all the other papers decide seven. 9. Of course, a player who assisted player can go alone, a partner who is ordered up can go alone. This paper has ruled to the contrary ever since Feb. 4, 1871, and in 1858 we had the same ruling. It as our opinion that there should be no "lone" under those circumstances. Whoever decides that a player can go alone when his partner assists him in ordering him up is extremely likely to decide, as has been done in the case you cite, that a player can go alone when his *opponent* orders him up. 10. That is no authority which is accepted as one that may claim to be the best authority which is appealed to oftenest and by the greatest number. THE CLIPPER has rarely fewer than two hundred questions per week submitted to it, and the number has been as high as four hundred and six.

CLEVELAND.—1. The last card could not be trump unless by consent of all the players. When card on one side that not enough remain so deal off three more to each player, they must be bunched. Practically, therefore, it was immaterial what the dealer looked at his hand for. 2. Not in any one of the players could demand a new deal. 2. No. 1, having declined to bid when he had the first say, could not bid over No. 2. A player can buy but once, nor can he buy after having once declined. No. 2 is entitled to the game. The seller goes out on the gift of three points, and the low of No. 1, who needs but one point, carries him out. No. 2, in order to win, had to make high, low and jack—game, or no use to him. 4. The Irish and their descendants are more numerous in this country than the Germans and their descendants.

CONSTANT READER.—We do not remember having ever given a recipe for the "Daniel Webster clam chowder," but this is a dish that is made in the immediate vicinity of the establishment of the Hoboken Chowder Club: "Take one quarter of a pound of salt pork, fry fat. Try it out in frying-pan, and pour in chowder-pot. Add a shilcan of tomatoes, a small bunch of parsley, a bunch of thyme, one quart of onions, one quart of potatoes, and one quart of solid clams (liquor can be added later). All these must be chopped fine. Now add biscuits, broken up like pie crust, two tablespoonfuls of salt, and one of black pepper. Just cover with water and clam liquor, and cook for two hours over a slow fire. Season with individual taste. These proportions will make about a gallon."

INTERESTED READER, Providence.—The Department of Public Works gives the area of the city as 19,000 acres, and as 13,621 acres; the annexed portion as from 14,000 to 15,000 acres. The Department of Parks puts the first at 14,502, and the second at 12,217. We note a discrepancy in other matters, also. For example, there is a popular idea that the Central Park has an area of 843.19-1000 acres, to which is to be added that of Manhattan square, making 862.79-1000. This is corroborated by the Cyclopædias and the Manual of the Common Council; but the Department of Parks gives the area as 937 68-100. Figures may not lie, but they differ amazingly.

NOBBY CLERK, Chattanooga.—1. James Gordon Bennett is probably the wealthiest journalist in America. 2. The wealth of A. T. Stewart or Commodore Vanderbilt is uncertain. 3. Cars are run on different guages by the use of what are known as combination axles. The wheels adjust themselves to wide or narrow gauge. 4. The fastest steamboat afloat is one completed in England about four months ago for service in India. The fastest in this country is the Mary Powell. 5. Cannot furnish those programmes. 6. You can procure photographs of theatrical people by addressing Ed. James.

J., Sarnia.—It was perfectly proper for A to bet upon what he chose, but it is far from honorable for any man's son to name, as an arbiter of a bet, an 'authority' that had previously decided a similar bet for him. When A named that authority, he was at least bound in honor to inform B as to that prior decision. Nevertheless, he is entitled to the bet, and your only remedy is never to enter into a wager with such a man.

R. A. T., Bloomington.—There are two kinds of pool-selling, mutual and auction. In the first there is no bidding for choice, each buyer purchasing one or more $5 tickets. After the game or race, the whole amount is aggregated. If A lost, the total amount, less the percentage, is to be divided among those who bought tickets on A. In auction pool the choice falls to the highest bidder, and a percentage on the winnings alone is deducted.

E. W., Penn Yan.—1. She has served in several theatres in England and at three in this city. 2. Her maiden name was Siddons, and she is a great granddaughter of Mrs. Siddons, the celebrated actress. When married, her husband's relatives objected to his name being used upon the stage, so he had his name changed by law to Scott-Siddons, the first being the maiden name of his mother, and the second that of his wife.

A. B. C.—Any reputable physician will do as well. It is a confidential matter, and you need have no fear. We can recommend nothing but an asylum for that purpose, and do not know that any of the following will exactly meet the case in point: 89 Marion street; Magdalen Female Benevolent, E. 88th st., Fifth ave.; and Temporary Home for Women, 133 Macdougal. You can write any of those, but by all means act under the advice of some physician.

CONSTANT READER, Long Island City.—1. James Fisk, Jr., was born in Pownal, Vt., April 1, 1835. He was shot Jan. 6, 1872, died on Jan. 7, and was buried on Jan. 9 in Brattleboro, Vt. 2. Edward S. Stokes was convicted for the second time on Oct. 29, 1873, and then sentenced to four years' imprisonment, and on Nov. 1 following he was lodged in Sing Sing Prison.

W. F. S., Willmantic.—You say that there were but nine cards that nine men had thrown, and that another man then had yet to throw. Perhaps you mean that eight men had nine shances altogether, and that the man who held two of those nine. Even then it is not a misdeal when the second ninth chance before the three men attempt to throw off their tie.

KANE COUNTY.—1. The first railroad was built in England about 1633. The first railroad for passengers was built in England in 1825; the first to be built expressly for carrying passengers and freight by steam was in this country in 1830. Richard Trevethick is credited with having invented the locomotive, which he patented in 1802. 3. The fastest skating time is a mile in 1:56 by William Clarke.

J. H. and H.—The unideal having been admitted by the act of the dealer's partner, you were entitled to the deal. 2. You lose. The fact that Morrissey was awarded the stakes, conclusive in the matter of the bet, by the referee's decision declared him to be. 3. It is but a few inches perfect ones that will not stick.

WILSON, Olney.—1, 2. We cannot recommend any particular manager. Your salary would range from $8 to $12 per week. 3. It will do you no good to study parts in advance. You will be told when you have much to learn ere you will be given a single line to deliver. 4. Peruse our advertising columns.

OUR SECOND FAMILY, Chicago.—1. The Pacific Hotel, Chicago, we believe, is the largest. 2. The United States Hotel, just talked, was the largest at Saratoga. 3. No; the players continue on at euchre the same as if the others had not gone out. 4. In a three-handed game, if a player is euchred, and his opponents each need but two points, it puts both out.

NO MARKER, Grand Rapids.—1. The best one-mile walking-time on record is 6min. 23sec., by Wm. Perkins, in England. 2. For a novice, it is not bad. 3. If you cannot hear of one in your city, advertise. 4. The trainer will advise you upon those matters. 5. That you must find out by trying.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER, So. Boston.—The matter is entirely in the hands of the judges, and the proper course for them to pursue, under the circumstances, is to order the prizes in dispute to be contended for again at some future time. A referee is then appointed, instead of two, this difficulty would scarcely have occurred.

ROLLING-MILL BOY, Pittsburg.—1. A having built "seven," his partner could not add a seven unless he had another seven left in his hand. He could, however, throw the seven on the pile without saying anything, leaving it to be announced by his partner on playing his last card. 2. Having combined to a seven, you cannot build it to nine.

GENTIE.—1. You must go to the agents or managers. We cannot recommend any in Philadelphia. 2. Apply to them precisely in the same manner that you would apply to any person from whom you wished to obtain employment. 3. We never be apt of such a party, and consequently know nothing of his "ideas."

POKER, Charleston.—1. The blind is one thing, and the age another. The two can be no blind without the consent of the eldest hand, and of course the age does not pass to him. 2. A straddle always means doubling the chips put up by the last preceding player.

J. W.—1. If it was copyrighted, you could recover the penalty for his violation of your right; if not, it would be considered simply a breach of trust, and it would cause you much trouble to get satisfaction. 2. Five lines would cost 75cts. each insertion.

D. H. & H. D.—It is proper to call out, at cassino. When, however, it is agreed to waste time by playing the cards out, neither cards nor spades have precedence, one point counting as soon as another, whether it is big cassino or aces.

W. C., Philadelphia.—No answers by mail. 1. They play upon sharing terms, viz.: after deducting a given sum, the remainder of the receipts are divided equally between the manager and the star. 2. From $40 to $150 per week. 3. From $20 to $500 per week. 4. They are made by contract.

A CONSTANT READER.—Brainard goes into billiards; Barlow to the Atlantics; Hoffsworth remains with the Philadelphias, and Piper with the Hartfords: Treacy is in Philadelphia, not engaged.

FRIGG, Philadelphia.—1. Not at the general rating, unless it is otherwise agreed upon. 2. It depends entirely upon their reputation and ability. Very few persons are so engaged.

DESERVED.—"In Memory," "Nobody Knows de Fun we Have," "It is not Sweet" "Slide Off," "Metamora Condensed," "She's the Sweetest of the Sweet," "The Match Girl."

W. E. H., Phila.—Unless it was one of the express conditions of the rattle that someone else, and not the thrower, should fix the box to uncover the dice, your throw was valid.

R. A. G., Galesburg.—That is not proper matter for publication. The family of the deceased might very reasonably object to the world's knowing their pecuniary circumstances.

DICKINSON, Chelsea.—1. A bowling-alley may be of any size approximately—four feet wide by sixty long. 2. About 1,800 persons was the seating capacity of Crosby's Opera-house, Chicago.

C. M., Sinesa.—It is out with his high, and A, who made pedro, which enables him to count low (having refused a bid of two), is also out on low. C, who made jack, loses the game.

CAMERON.—She has not acted in Oil City, Pa., since she first appeared in New York. While a member of J. A. Ellsler's company at Cleveland, O., she may possibly have played there.

ROCKS, Trenton.—If the dealer, in helping a player at draw-poker, exposes one or more of the latter's cards, he must give him fresh cards from the top of the pack, before serving anyone else.

F. P. D., Philadelphia.—Mr. Myers was popularly called "Ole Bull" Myers, out of compliment to his professional talent. The other is the musician who by right bears that name.

PREPARED COMB, Philadelphia.—1. We have not space to republish the route of the company. 2. Watch our dramatic summary. 3. Consult a manager of one of the minstrel troupes in your city.

STRANGER, South Boston.—1. We keep no record of them, as they are frequently subject to alterations. 2. Born in this city. 4. His mother is of that nationality; but his father is a German. 5. They may do so.

T. T., Globe Village.—An American ambassador's child, born abroad, would be eligible to election to the Presidency, unless he had forfeited that right by some act of his own before arriving at the proper age.

MARYLEE.—At three-handed all-fours, all the parties can look at their cards before the trump is fixed upon, but of course only the beggar and the dealer have anything to say as to the trump.

SIDNEY, Clinton.—It takes twelve ten strikes to make 300.

J. A., Newark.—1. The Hibernian Riot in the Ninth Ward occurred on July 4, 1853. 2. It was a stage-driver who was beaten. The difficulty with the carman occurred elsewhere, and many years later.

J. C. B., N. Hamilton.—As yet can find no trace of the founder of Paterson, N. J. It is believed to have died a few years ago, and perhaps some one of our readers can give us the exact date.

PROVISO.—Answered in former enclosure, whose name it is to play can ascertain who it was that played a particular card by demanding that those hand of him draw their card.

W. W. L., Polk City.—1. There is no Frederick T. Frost, clerk, resident in Columbia county, N. Y. 2. There is no such name in this city directory. 3. Sylvester Bleecker lat 51 Bible house.

G. AND F.—Yes; a special partner is entitled to several if employed by the first to make a loan. A partner is not employed by the firm for a salary, if a clause to that effect is inserted in the agreement.

READER, Chicago.—If the wager has no grounds of a player holding the age, V wins. At draw-poker a player cannot, after the draw, pass and come in again, unless he be the ace.

J. S. E., Reading.—The cards having been run to the last, which was a jack, turning up the latter does not count one for the dealer, unless such card is, by agreement, accepted as trump.

NICK, Toledo.—1. Bodine has a record of 2.19½. 2. A cannot turn the last card for trump at all-fours, unless B is willing. 3. THE CLIPPER ALMANAC contains that information, and much more that will be of service to turfmen.

J. R. A., Chicago.—1. A cannot use a card on the board to build with. 2. Yes; C can, with an ace from his hand build the nine to ten; but he could not, had he himself combined the nine. 3. A can build again.

BACKGAMMON, Fort Wayne.—Your question, with diagram, received, but you fail to inform us if black or white threw the 6, 4. Neither do you tell us which was the home table. Write again.

J. H. B., Bushnell.—We cannot say, as during the Winter season such performers are seldom before the public. If in this country, a letter addressed to him in care of this office will reach him.

READER, Watertown.—Beer is liquor, and A loses, unless there was something in the conversation, at the time of making the wager, that implied that spirituous, and not malt liquors were proscribed.

T. H. W., Paterson.—1. The steamship President is supposed to have been lost on March 13, 1841. 2. She belonged to the English line that is no longer in existence.

CONSTANT READER.—When the last U. S. census was taken the population of St. Louis was a little larger than that of Chicago.

EXCELSIOR SOCIAL CLUB, Baltimore.—1. It is proper to call out on a sweep. 2. It is immaterial whether or not there is a point, such as little cassino, in the sweep.

P. C., New Orleans.—1. The end man receives the largest salary. 2. From $50 to $150 per week, according to ability and reputation. 3. About 25 years of age.

JOCKEY, Springfield.—1. Salaries vary. 2. You are too heavy to begin.

ST. LOUIS.—There is no rule for exceptional games of that character. Make a rule by agreement, and adhere to it.

A AND B., Toledo.—The minister would have to go back to his groundfloors.

G. H. A., Concord.—The present is the seventy-fifth year of the nineteenth century.

F. F., Yazoo City.—The bets ought not to go; but the practice varies.

MAC, Philadelphia.—1. Such a book has been advertised for many months but is not issued as it still, in MS., is with THE CLIPPER. 2. We prefer not to give advice in such matters.

ENOCH KENYON, Silver City.—In their battle at Waubursi, Eng., Tom King weighed about 182lb., and John C. Heenan 195lb.

CYRUS.—Manuscript received; but, owing to the interposition of New-Year's Day, we have not yet had time to read it.

J. F. R., Memphis.—1. We have not decided about the egg; if we use it, it will be soon. 2. We will bear you in remembrance.

OWL CLUB.—A cannot draw until he gets the ace-five. At muggins, the drawer must play as soon as he gets a piece that will match either end.

G. W. K. S., Savannah.—On the cover of THE CLIPPER ALMANAC is a calendar that will enlighten you fully as to dates, whether past or to come.

C. McD., Rochester.—No answers by mail. She intended that you should write to her in care of this office, and not to us.

CHARLES, Lancaster.—As such songs are liable to be changed, and as we did not witness the performance, we cannot say.

JOSEPH, Boston.—You could hardly secure engagements to perform those feats only. You can try by applying in person to John Stetson, Howard Athenæum, in your city.

CARAD.—1. A music-dealer in this city can supply you with a long list of teachers. 2. The best way would be to advertise for such a position.

E. W., Warm Springs.—The play "Black Crook" was produced for the first time on any stage, in this city, and was subsequently acted at Chicago, Ill., among other cities.

J. W., Cleveland.—Three hearts are not a flush. They are not a poker hand at all, and even two deuces will beat them.

O. B., Brooklyn.—Spades being trumps, the jack of clubs, or left bower, can call for no card but a spade. It has no value as a club.

OHIO.—1. The jack counts, whether the cards afterwards run out or not. 2. The jack and the knave are one and the same, whether turned up or held in hand.

AUTHORESS, Oil City.—Not traveling at present. She resides in this city, and a letter addressed to her in care of this office will reach her.

T. E. B.—1. See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC, which you can purchase from your newsdealer, or at this office. 2. No record.

THALIA, Boston.—1. Write to the Librarian of Congress, and he will send you full instructions. 2. The same as you would treasure any other valuable.

BALTIMORE.—The pitcher, who held both high and low, went out. The jack of the player who had one to go was a duty after the fair.

W. R.—B loses. Colored blood, for the purpose of that wager, meant negro blood. The prior conversation left no room for doubt.

R. B. B., Keyport.—You win. The rule is to count the keys on the ring, and not the ring itself; the pieces in a pocketbook, and not the latter.

F. S., Newark.—1. Write to Ed. James, as per card. 2. Your friend is wrong. Lang won by half a yard. Mills did not start.

E. H., Pittsburg.—It was your own omission. You failed to complete the sentence in which you intended to refer to him.

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S. M. LLOYD, St. Mary's.—Ed. James, 88 Centre street, is the party to apply to for supplying you dogs.

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T. R. H., Scranton.—Write to James Martin & Son, No. 114 Commercial street, Boston, Mass.

LAMPLIGHTER.—Some of the religious journals might publish it as a good joke, but it is a trifle too broad for us.

QUESTIONER, San Francisco.—Cards being even, whoever had a majority of the remaining points won the third leg.

R. C. R., Charleston.—1. She is not married; she travels in her own company. 2. For a lower we refer you to Hoyle.

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W. F. M., Herman.—According to your statement, A loses, not having another move pigeons like.

T. H. A., Oakland.—We published a full list at the commencement of the season.

CONSTANT READER, Wakefield.—New York has a population of about 1,000,000.

JIM, Detroit.—She was born in Madrid, Spain; but received her early musical education in America.

J. H., Philadelphia.—The greatest width of the Pacific Ocean is about 10,300 miles.

J. K., Ottawa.—The cities in Ireland are, we believe, Dublin, Kilkenny, Cork, Limerick, and Waterford.

B. F. S. B., Keyport.—Frank Parker was champion billiard-player from Jan. 11, 1871, to April 26 following.

CONSTANT READER, Fort Plain.—A was entitled to a run of six.

MRS. E. M., Philadelphia.—They are performing in Cuba. Address a letter to her in care of this office.

C. S. G., Lockport.—Address a letter to Prof. Crowell in care of this office.

J. B., Boston.—Address him a letter in care of this office. We cannot place him at present.

A SUBSCRIBER.—The Harvard University crew left this city for England, in the steamer City of Paris, July 10, 1869.

M. K., South Boston.—We have not heard of Nelson for many years.

W. J. S., Lost Springs.—They are not performing at present.

H. OPPENHEIMER.—Your subscription expired with No. 34 of the present vol.

J. O. H., Dayton.—1. The Great Eastern has a length of 680ft. 2. She was launched in 1859. 3. She cannot.

P. L., Decatur.—If both needed two points, B's low-jack took precedence of A's high-game.

C. F. and L. A.—The founder of the new post-office in this city was laid in June, 1869.

J. J. McD.—Many returns to you MS. received, and will be read at the earliest opportunity.

C. H. V., Jacksonville.—Having refused four, you are to be set back four if you make less than that number.

ED. Island Staff.—Richard Mack, 31lb with vaccary, 128 with C. Heenan at Wadhurst, Eng., for £2,000, Dec. 10, 1863.

READER, Baltimore.—You can get it through Willmer & Rogers, 33 Beekman street, N. Y.

SALMON, Boston.—We prefer not to advise you about such investments.

M. F., Fort Wayne.—Letters addressed to any of the company in care of this office will reach him.

R. G. FARMER, Key West.—Jim Mace's first fight in this country was with Joe Allen.

A. M. D., Hartford.—Letters addressed to both parties in care of this office should reach them.

C. H. J., Winchester.—A letter addressed to her in care of its office will probably reach her.

C. B. L., Boston.—Such covers are manufactured by John C. Koch, 156 William street, this city.

J. H. W., Boston.—1. E. S. Stokes had three trials. 2. His sentence was for four years.

T. M.—John C. Heenan was born in West Troy, N. Y.

D. HINES, Walpole.—The papers are out of print.

J. H. L., New Orleans.—He has always played it.

C. J. S., Ottawa.—They are traveling in Europe.

H. W., Trenton.—Items always acceptable.

H. R. S., Chicago.—Received, but not yet read.

J. W. NAN N.—It shall have an early reading.

M. S., Chester.—We have no objection.

O.—She was born in the city, Nov. 7, 1847.

RAILROAD.—Legal Tender's time was 1:44.

J. H. FASSITT, Phila.—It is not necessary.

CAPTAIN B.—Sketch filed for publication.

A. M., Hooper.—1:42¾, by Gray Planet.

E. M., Detroit.—They are in Mexico.

P. H. C., Scranton.—43 years of age.

J. C. R., St. Louis.—T's high wins.

A PERSEVERER.—He did not.

L. L.—He did so advertise.

THE NEW YORK CLIPPER ALMANAC For 1875, Is Now Ready.

CONTENTS.

ASTRONOMICAL CHRONOLOGY, embracing a record of the more important events that have transpired in connection with the drama in this country and Europe—the dates when theatres and amphitheatres were opened—a list of those destroyed by fire—dates of birth, first appearance and death of noted actors, actresses and singers—also interesting data relating to minstrelsy and other amusements.

A SPORTING CHRONOLOGY, giving the dates and particulars of all the principal sporting events that have occurred in this country and Europe from 1719 to date.

A RECORD OF FASTEST TIME, ETC., in horse racing, trotting, rowing, pedestrianism; railroad, steamer and sailing time; and records of jumping, lifting, snow-shoe racing, ratting, engine-playing, running with engines, hose companies, etc.

A HISTORY OF THE DRAMA.

SEATING CAPACITY OF THE PRINCIPAL THEATRES.

AN ARTISTIC FRONTISPIECE, WITH POEM.

Calendars for the Year, a Calendar for all Time, Astronomical occurrences for the Year, Statistics of Population, Postal Regulations, and Rates of Postage, Difference of Time between New York and other cities, Table of Distances, Length of Principal Rivers, Height of Towers, Spires and Monuments, Increment of Population, the Amphitheatre, Curious Chronological Items Referring to Puritan Supremacy, Symbolisms of Color, National Colors, Directions for Restoring Persons Apparently Drowned, the Five Ages, English Habeas-corpus Act, Famous Horses, Great Libraries of the World, Jewels in the English Crown, Laws for the Million, Mile of Different Nations, Presidents of the United States, Rise and Fall of Tide at Different Seaports, Theories of Date of Creation, Table for Foretelling the Weather, Famous Makers of Violins, Seven Wise Men of Greece.

ALICE DANE, A STORY OF CHRISTMAS-TIME.

THE MIMIC AND REAL, OR DEATH ON THE STAGE.

THE LAST INTERVIEW, poem.

HIS FINAL EXIT, etc.

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FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS.

FRANK QUEEN, Publisher, 88 and 90 Centre street, P. O. BOX 3,880. New York.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY

was all that could be desired, so far as the weather was concerned, the streets being hard and dry, and the air as pure as new milk. But there did not appear to be that general outpouring and ingoing that we have observed in former years; nor were the young fellows got up so regardless as formerly. Corner groceries and drinking-saloons didn't receive calls that day, experience having taught them that promiscuous crowds of forty or fifty callers at a time are not conducive to happiness or morality. One gentlemanly proprietor of a porter-house *did* keep open during the early hours of the morning to accommodate a gang of roughs who threatened to tear him out if he went back on the boys. So he kept open house, as we have said; and the young ruffians sent for the Cap. like it was a gold mine; and they drank his beer and ate his crackers and cheese, and smoked his cigars, and then they went away delighted, and vowed that the Cap. was one of 'em. In about an hour there was a good deal of trouble among the boys, and they reluctantly went home, and stayed there, for the Cap. had given them jalap enough to locomote an engine from here to California.

Many persons who used to pride themselves on the appearance of their tables, and the variety of the spread, were closed for repairs this year, "owing to a death in the family." Want of ducats was the *real* cause. Others, who erstwhile did ladle out champagne like it was water, this year fell back on lemonade and ginger beer, because they had become strong converts to the temperance cause. Impecuniosity, the sober truth. Men who formerly traveled around in a clarence, *walked* this time, because it is so much more healthy. It was low tide with them too. The ladies didn't *gush* quite as much as heretofore, and they didn't shine out in such spotless raiment as decorated their persons when Seventy was younger than it is now. Neither did our beauties drink so much as they once did, which was certainly to their credit; for a "drunken lady," whether at home or abroad, is about as disgusting a spectacle as one can witness. In fact, there was less drunkenness among all classes, and the day may be said to have been observed in quite a creditable manner, for us. There were only two or three persons killed, which speaks well for the progress we are making toward reform. Fights were not so frequent, either; and a man wearing a white cravat and white gloves could waltz along the street without the fear of being tripped up by every gang he passed. In fact, we noted many signs of improvement in the manners of the people and in the morals of society; and if this improvement should continue, we see no obstacle to our taking rank with such pious cities as Brooklyn and Boston. Altogether, New Year's was a good day, and we were all on our best behavior, for the eyes of our new Mayor were upon us.

DIPLOMACY.

An international game played by skilled players termed diplomats, they being selected by the different Governments to play the game to the best advantage of their respective nations. A game where the players assure each other of their "highly distinguished consideration," seeking all the while how to devour each other, figuratively, or rather diplomatically speaking. A game where circumvention is the point aimed at and striven for most sedulously. A game where the utmost politeness and affability, the blandest of smiles and courtliest manners, the most refined and high-toned language, and the utmost condescension are brought into requisition to the exclusion of all that is boorish, vulgar or violent; where profanity, pugilism or pistols never obtrude to the scandal of good-manners and high-breeding. A game where the stakes are higher than in any other game extant—but one at which the skilled player never, winning or losing, betrays any feeling, either of exultation or chagrin, if in the one case he has worsted his antagonist, or in the other he be the vanquished party, but always retains his self-possession and imperturbability, let the game progress as it will. (There are some poker-players to whom, if they could thus deport themselves, the ability to do so would prove of inestimable advantage to them.) In short, diplomacy is a game of "diamond cut diamond;" or, to put it in less brilliant phraseology, "dog eat dog;" only, the *dog-eating* must be as unobjectionable as the *diamond cutting;* and as far a remove from the literal act, as seen in dog-pits, as the zenith from the nadir. Such is diplomacy. And now that we have shown up the game, let us caution the unemployed multitude against seeking, *en masse,* to get in, as the tables are all full at present; and even in case of any vacancies occurring, very few of them would stand any show of being appointed to fill said vacancies, Governments being somewhat nice in the matter of their appointments in the field of diplomacy.

WAR!

Happy Brooklyn! This week, if no obstacle intervene, Brooklyn should be the happiest city on the face of the globe. Why? Because of the trial of Henry Ward Beecher and Theodore Tilton; for, though the suit is ostensibly against Beecher, nevertheless, owing to the ingenuity of Henry's lawyers, Theodore is likely to be the defendant before the end is reached. Why this trial was not set down to take place in New York we cannot understand. It may be said that the offense was committed in Brooklyn. We admit that, for most crimes take place in that city; but the legal tilt should have been held in the metropolis which convicted Sharkey, sent Stokes into exile for four years, and did other important things. It will be a big fight, however, take place where it may—a fight between Church and State, a contest in which the legal luminaries of our courts will corruscate and shed their lustre on the tournament. Going over to Brooklyn, the other day, we observed on the ferry-boat Theodore Tilton and Joseph Coburn, close together. They were not in company, nor do we know that they were aware of each other's presence; but Theodore was the observed of all observers, and Joseph and his brethren came in for a like scrutiny. Let us caution our manual artists not to be drawn into the Beecher-Tilton fight, for it may lead we know not where, and end we know not how. Let the lambs sit calmly by, and "view the landscape o'er." Permit the pious ones to fight their own battle, and let the best man win. This is going to be a brisk *betting* fight. Odds are already offered that the trial will end in a disagreement of the jury. In one pool sold we noticed that Beecher brought sixty; Tilton, forty; disagreement, one hundred. The lawyers have been in training several weeks, and they are in the best possible condition, fit to fight for a man's life. "Standing-room only" will be displayed soon after the opening of the doors, and but little of that. Go early.

THE INAUGURAL BALL of the Academy of Music, Baltimore, is arranged to take place on Tuesday evening, Jan. 5. To Manager Ferguson are we indebted for an invitation to participate in the festivities.

BROTHER TALMAGE has subsided, quietly retired with the old year. Brother Beecher comes to the surface this week. "No cards."

"OUR JIM" had ten New Year *collars,* but they were all in one box.

SHEER MADNESS.—Stabbing yourself with a pair of scissors.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

*** On Dec. 28: It was cabled that the burned emigrant ship Cospatrick was from London, Eng., for Auckland, New Zealand, and that the three survivors were ten days in a boat when picked up, during a part of which time they were compelled to subsist upon the bodies of others, who died in the boat..... A verdict of not guilty was found in the libel suit of J. A. S. Calvert against *The Philadelphia* (Pa.) *Evening Star*..... A dispatch from Columbus, Ga., stated that while attempting to lynch a man named Bagley, Colonel Milford Howard, 27, Chief of Police M. W. Murphy, was killed, after having mortally wounded Bagley..... G. W. Darling & Co.'s jewelry store, Boston, Mass., was robbed of \$20,000 worth of goods..... In the Court of General Sessions, this city, George, *alias* "Rat," Reilly, convicted of assisting in the "abstraction" of the gold-dealer's treasures, was sent to State-prison for ten years, William Kelly getting a like sentence for pocket-picking, upon which charge Edward Maher received a similar sentence..... A fire in Boston, Mass., which enveloped this city and its suburbs a collision occurred in the East River between a ferry-boat and a cattle-boat, by which one man was killed, and 1,000 cattle were drowned..... A post-mortem examination of the body of Paul Flanagan, aged 16, who died in the hospital at Philadelphia, Pa., revealed the fact that death was the result of a blood-poisoning..... The Captain-general of Cuba issued orders to Spanish officers to treat leni

BILLIARDS.

NO FOUR-HANDED MATCH.—The report that a four-handed match had been entered into, that a forfeit had been put up, and that nothing remained to complete the match but the playing of it and the people to see it, is suggestive of the ease with which billiard matches may be made. There could scarcely have been any forfeit put up in this instance, however, for the excellent reason that at least one of the players "is not in the game." The consent of all parties should be got before these affairs are announced. The card of Maurice Vignaux, whose pronounced. presence in such a game as that proposed is indispensable to a good attendance, explains itself. It is also a challenge to Garnier or Daly.

NEW YORK, Jan. 4, 1874.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—I read in a paper just issued that a four-handed billiard match has been arranged between Messrs. Rudolphe and myself on one side, and Messrs. Daly and Garnier on the other. I have the honor of informing you that this is an error, and that no such match has been or will be made. I will not play in a match of two against two, but I am ready to play with Mr. Garnier or Mr. Daly separately, and for any sum, no matter how large; the game to be played on a table of H. W. Collender's manufacture, furnished with his combination cushion. I trust you will favor this communication with a place in the columns of your valuable paper, and oblige yours very truly, M. VIGNAUX.

MASSACHUSETTS CHAMPIONSHIP.—Edward G. Kendall, a descendant of the famous Boston bugler, and holder of the four-ball championship of Massachusetts, has challenged the three-ball champion of that State, John Hickey. Mr. Kendall is in this city at present, while Mr. Hickey is superintending the room in Boston kept for so many years by Messrs. Bailey & Marshall, from which firm the first-named gentleman retired about two months ago. It is thought that a match will result from this challenge, despite the arbitrary action of the Massachusetts Billiard Congress in the case of Kendall about a year ago, when they expelled him without a hearing, and called upon him to resign the four-ball championship, which he has not done.

BOSTON, Jan. 2, 1875.

MR. EDWARD DANIELS, *President Mass. Billiard Congress.*—DEAR SIR:—I hereby challenge John Hickey to play me for the champion cup and $100 a side at the three-ball game, under the rules governing billiard matches adopted by the Mass. Billiard Congress. Inclosed please find $50 as forfeit. Respectfully yours, EDWARD G. KENDALL,
Champion of Mass. in the Four-ball Game.

EASTERN NOTES.—William Goldthwait continues in Bath, Me., but his health is not of the best..... Frank Dennison is in Woonsocket, R. I., in charge of a room..... E. G. Kendall thinks of settling in the West..... James Murphy and John Flook, in former times contestants for the four-ball championship of Massachusetts, are still residents of Boston, but have retired from the billiard business..... Oscar Bosworth, formerly partner of the late William A. Tobin, is still at the Hub..... Billiards has scarcely ever been duller there than at present.

THE GAMES IN BROOKLYN.—The series of exhibition games between Vignaux, Garnier, Daly, Rudolphe, Ubassy, and Joseph Dion were to have been inaugurated on the 4th inst., in the large hall located over the Deane Brothers' room, corner of Smith street and Fulton avenue. Rudolphe and Maurice Daly were to have opened the ball.

A CHALLENGE.—Albert E. Hoa, amateur, stands ready to play anyone in Louisiana or a neighboring state, for from $25 to $100 a side, at the three-ball game, only cushion caroms to count.

AQUATICS.

NEW BOAT-HOUSE.—Concerning the new house of the Clipper Boat Club of Pittsburg, Pa. (of which organization Evan Morris, Pat Louther, Andy Seibert and other noted oarsmen are members), *The Pittsburg Leader* says: "The club will have the largest and most elegant boat-house in this section of the country, at least. For this purpose they have purchased the steamer Miner, which was formerly one of the steamers plying between Yankton, Dakota and Fort Benton, Montana, on the upper Missouri. She is 140ft. keel by 34ft beam, and will afford space as boat-room 108ft. in length by 30 in width. The sitting-room will be 30ft. square, divided by folding doors, so that the entire space may be opened up in the form of one apartment. They will fit up a cabin and stateroom in elegant style, and also provide a valuable library. The upper room will be used for the reception of guests, and filled up with first-class furniture, Brussels carpet and other upholstery to match. The boat-room on the main deck will be provided with everything necessary to training, as well as with a view to comfort and convenience. After the holding of their ball in City Hall on New-Year's Eve, their future entertainments of that character will be given in the boat-house, for which there will be ample room and excellent accommodations. The house, which will cost $5,000, will be located at the foot of Fourteenth street. The contract for the carpenter work has been let, under which operations will be commenced next month."

ITEMS FROM SMOKETOWN.—Fred Espy, who constructed the shell in which Billy Scharff rowed against George Brown at Springfield, Mass., has received an order from the champion for a similar craft, to be finished before Spring. Her dimensions are to be: length, 30ft. 6in.; beam, 11½in. Fred intends to lay himself out on this boat, as he expects that Brown will also order one from Jewitt, the celebrated English builder, and he proposes to show that he can't be beat at this business..... The McKee Barge Club have ordered a single-scull shell to be built by Jewitt, in which it is supposed Billy Scharff intends to try the powers of Eph Morris..... The latter received a Christmas present from Robert Liddell, in the shape of a shell, built to order in England. Eph expects to do something big with her next season..... On New-Year's Eve Johnny Hamill was presented with a gold chain, upon which to hang the watch he recently won.

COL. YOUMANS' CAUSE.—A dispatch from Bermuda, West Indies, dated Dec. 29, says: "The yacht Tidal Wave, Commodore William Voorhis, sailed on Sunday last, the 27th inst., for St. Thomas. Since his arrival, Dec. 6, the Commodore and family have been the recipients of marked courtesies from the officials connected with the navy and army, as well as from civilians. On Friday, the 18th inst., he entertained at lunch on his yacht His Excellency the Governor, Major-general Lefroy, C. B., R. A., and family, and Vice-admiral Wellesley, Naval Comander-in-chief of this station, and family."

THE HAGUE ROWING CLUB'S annual invitation ball will be given on the 14th at New York Assembly Rooms, First street and Second avenue.

THE RING.

EDWARDS AND CLARK.—Billy Edwards called upon us on the 31st ult., upon the eve of his departure for Philadelphia, and left the following answer to the card published the last week over the signature of Johnny Clark of that city: "I have read Clark's article, and there is so much falsehood in it that to reply at length would only lead to a useless swapping of cards, and I do not court notoriety, nor do I propose to assist in any such contemptible game of the same. Mr. C. I am perfectly willing to leave to the two thousand persons who were eye-witnesses, the decision of the question as to who had the best of the set-to between us on Dec 18. Some time, when I find that my interests, as well as his, will be served by it, I will give him every opportunity to show his superiority (?); but as for assisting to fill the house on the night of his benefit, the proposition is a trifle too cool for consideration this weather."

GEORGE ROOKE'S EXHIBITION at Harry Hill's on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 31, was not so numerously attended as he had anticipated, but good boxing afforded pleasure to those who went there. The following couples set-to: Patsy Hogan and Johnny Saunders, Billy Madden and George Siler, Pete Crocker and Mike Hyland, Mike Coburn and Ed. Mallahan, Bill Wilson and Bill Field, George Rooke and Larry Powers. Joe Coburn had been extensively advertised to spar with the latter in the wind-up, but he failed to appear, and the Chicagoan volunteered to take his place. Uncle Tovee, as usual, introduced the boxers, whose sets-to were sandwiched between performances by the variety troupe engaged here.

HARRY HICKEN has returned to Philadelphia, where he purposes giving an exhibition at Washington Hall, Eighth and Spring Garden streets, on Friday evening, Jan. 8, when a series of boxing matches between men of note will be supplemented by a set-to, in ring costume, between fair-faced Harry and Arthur Chambers. Besides this, there'll be club-swinging, dancing and singing, and Harry Brooks the pedalist will walk a mile.

"THE COOPERSTOWN PET," who under his proper cognomen is well-known as an Al picker on "de ole Cremona," and who was once talked of as a match for the Hoboken Clipper, can now be backed against the latter, and Billy Mulligan of Third avenue will find the shekels.

JOHNNY HICKEY is at present sojourning at Columbus, O.

WE HAVE LETTERS in our care for Arthur Chambers, Geo. Ogden, Billy Edwards, Homer Lane, and Wm. McClellan (2).

THE BALL UP IN THE METROPOLIS.—On New-Year's Day skating was enjoyed by thousands at the several resorts in New York and Brooklyn, the bitter cold of Thursday night having coated the park lakes with ice strong enough to bear all who could get on it. The Prospect Park lakes were opened to skaters on New-Year's Day for the first time, and the Central Park lakes were lively with skaters. The Capitoline lake and Union Pond at Brooklyn, too, were largely patronized, especially the former, where a holiday assemblage engaged in the sport. On the 2d inst. rain set in, and down went the ball; but as "Old Prob" promised colder weather, no doubt there will be an early resumption of the sport.

CANINE SPORTS.—A correspondent reports two dog disputes which recently took place, he says, not many miles from the peaceful City of Quakers. The first, which came off Dec. 23, was between Joe Bagley's dog Nelson of Philadelphia and Harry Jennings' Magpie dog of the metropolis, each weighing 27lbs., for $500. The former won in 2 hours and 47 minutes. The second fight, decided on the 29th ult., was between Rambler of Gotham and Joie of Fifty, for a like stake, the latter proving victorious. Time, 42 min. Weight of dogs, 21lb. each.

THE ALBION CRICKET CLUB of Boston, Mass., have elected the following board of officers for 1875: President, Mr. Rolfe; vice president, W. Ormston; secretary, Harris De Wolf; treasurer, R. Doherty; field captain, W. Walker; match committee, James Robinson, J. Doyle and T. Holten. They have engaged M. Doherty, a professional; also R. Evans, as wicket-keeper.

FIFTY MILES WERE WALKED, says a correspondent, in 11 hours and 42 minutes by a young man named Markoe Holsman, aged 17, at the old skating rink, at Twenty-third and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, on Christmas day.

GEO. WELLS, Thos. Kane, and John Goulding are notified of letters addressed to them in our care.

NICHOLAS J. MURPHY of Ferry street, South Brooklyn, L. I., is the possessor of a fighting canine which, we hear, he is prepared to match against any 22-pound dog in the country, for any amount from $500 a side upwards, until the figures reach quadruple that sum. Who wants some of it?

TWENTY-SEVEN LOVERS of chanticleer warfare were arrested at Cleveland, O., on New-Year's Day, by D. Wightman, agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

IN A RECENTLY published work it is calculated that English is spoken by 90,000,000 persons inhabiting Great Britain and Ireland, North America, the Bermudas, Jamaica, the Cape of Good Hope, Australia, Van Diesman's Land, Newfoundland and the East Indies; German, by 55,000,000; Spanish, by 55,000,000; and French by 45,000,000.

TRIGGER.

PIGEON-SHOOTING ON LONG ISLAND.

The members of the Long Island Shooting Club celebrated New-Year's Day by a grand reunion and field-day at their club ground at Dexter's, near the old Union Course. Although the day was cold, sweepstakes and match-shooting prevailed from an early hour until nightfall. The first event was a match for $100 between G. Walters of New York and Charles Ireland of Brooklyn, at 25 single birds each, 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary, and 1¼-ounce shot, according to the rules of the Long Island Club. Mr. Wharton officiated as referee. Mr. Ireland went first to the trap, and brought down in fine style all his birds except the third, fourth, fifth, eighth, tenth and sixteenth, thus scoring 14 killed and 6 missed. Mr. Walters was not so fortunate, for he missed nine out of his twenty birds, and lost the match by three birds. Betting on the match fluctuated considerably during the shooting, first one gentleman and then the other being the favorite.

A handicap sweepstakes of $3 each then followed, at three birds each, Long Island rules to govern. The entries were Walter Ireland, handicapped to shoot at 28yds. rise; G. Walters, 21yds.; Moses Baylis, 28yds.; Charles Ireland, 24yds. Walters proved the winner, after shooting at six birds each by three of the contestants, viz.:

G. Walter, 21yds.....	110	111	6
M. Baylis, 28yd.....	011	10	3

C. Ireland, 24yds.....	110	113	5
W. Ireland, 28yds.....	010		2

The third event was a handicap sweepstake of $3 each, three birds, $18 to the winner, and $9 to the second best, Long Island rules to govern. There were nine entries, handicapped as under: Dr. Atkinson, 22yds.; W. E. Birdseye, 24; C. Ireland, 29; M. Baylis, 25; W. Ireland, 24; C. W. Wingate, 24; G. Walters, 22; Mr. Childs, 22; and Capt. Elmendorf, 24yds. Some excellent shooting was exhibited, two of the competitors killing all their birds, and tieing each other. In the shooting-off, Dr. Atkinson proved the winner, Mr. Birdseye taking second money. Score:

Dr. Atkinson, 22yds ...	111	1	4
W. E. Birdseye, 24yds..	111	0	3
C. Ireland, 22yds.....	110		2
M. Baylis, 25yds.....	110		2
Capt. Elmendorf, 23yds	0		0

W. Ireland, 24yds.....	1	0	0
C. W. Wingate, 24yds...	0		0
G. Walters, 22yds.....	0		0
Mr. Childs, 22yds.....	0		0

The next contest was a similar handicap sweepstakes to the preceding, same conditions and competitors. It resulted in six of the nine shooters killing all their three birds, thus tieing. In shooting off, Messrs. Wingate and Walker tied on the fifth bird; the latter missed his sixth bird, and Mr. Wingate, killing his, won the first money.

C. W. Wingate, 24yds	111	11	6
G. Walters, 21yds	111	10	5
W. E. Birdseye, 24yds	110	0	3
M. Baylis, 24yds.....	111	10	5
Dr. Atkinson, 23yds..	111	10	5

C. Ireland, 21yds.....	111	0	4
W. Ireland, 24yds.....	110		2
Capt. Elmendorf, 23yds	0		0

A handicap sweepstakes of $10 each followed, fifteen birds each, five traps, 80 yards boundary, and English rules to govern; $30 to the first, $10 to the second; and the two lowest to pay for the birds. Mr. W. Parkes acted as handicapper and referee; the starting-point being 30 yards, at which distance Ira Paine, one of the competitors, stood. Moses Baylis was handicapped at 27yds. rise; W. E. Birdseye, 26yds.; and Dr. Atkinson, 26yds. Dr. Atkinson won first money, killing 11 out of 15; M. Baylis saved his entrance money by scoring second best with 10 killed and 5 missed.

Dr. Atkinson, 26yds.....	11011	11101	11010—11 out of 15
M. Baylis, 27yds.....	01010	01110	11111—10 out of 15
W. E. Birdseye, 26yds.....	11100	10011	01110— 9 out of 15
Ira A. Paine, 30yds.....	10011	01100	10101— 7 out of 15

Another $10 sweepstakes, at ten birds each, same rules and conditions as the previous contest, terminated the day's sport. The same four gentlemen entered who contended in the preceding stake, but this time the result was different, for Ira Paine, shooting in improved style, won the first money, $30; while M. Baylis, who killed 5, saved his entrance fee.

Ira A. Paine, 30yds.....	11110	11011	8 out of 10
M. Baylis, 28yds.....	00001	11101	5 out of 10
Dr. Atkinson, 29yds.....	10010	01110	4 out of 10
W. E. Birdseye, 26yds.....	00010	00101	3 out of 10

PIGEON-SHOOTING MATCHES.

Two matches took place on Saturday, Jan. 2, on the grounds of the Long Island Shooting Club near the Union Course. The first was the adjourned match between Messrs. W. E. Birdseye and James H. Hickox, both of Brooklyn, which had been commenced on Christmas-day. On that occasion the match was for $200, fifty birds each, 30 yards rise, 80 yards boundary, from five traps, and under the English rules of shooting. Each man then killed 26, making the match a tie, when it was agreed between the principals to shoot at 30 additional birds each for the stakes already down, and the 2d of January was fixed upon as the day. It proved very unfavorable for shooting, for the weather was cold and the ground covered with ice, which rendered the gathering of the birds a matter of difficulty. Mr. Hickox commenced proceedings, and killed three out of his first five birds; his opponent also scoring the same number. On the next five, each shooter scored three killed birds, their scores again being equal. When fifteen birds, half the number had been shot by each party, Mr. Birdseye led his opponent one bird. Mr. Hickox then missed six in succession, and the ground thus lost he was never able to recover, for on his 23d bird the referee decided that he was shot out, having only killed 10 out of 23, while Mr. Birdseye had killed 19 out of 24. Adding the score which each shooter had made on Christmas-day in shooting the fifty birds in addition to the above, the grand total stood as follows: Birdseye, 74 birds; killed 44, missed 30; Hickox, 73 birds; killed 36, missed 37.

The second match was between Mr. W. C. Root of New York and Dr. Atkinson of Brooklyn for $100, at 30 birds each, 30 yards rise, five traps, and under the English rules. Dr. Atkinson commenced with a miss, while Mr. Root brought down 9 birds in steady succession. When both had shot at ten birds, Mr. Root had scored 9, and his opponent 6 only. On their 20th bird, Mr. Root's score stood 15 killed against Dr. Atkinson's 10, and on their 27th bird the former gentleman shot out his opponent, having scored 21 killed to his opponent's 16. Mr. Birdseye acted as referee.

NEW YORK VS. PHILADELPHIA.—A match at pigeons, for $2,000, each contestant to shoot at twenty-five birds, thirty yards rise, English rules, took place at Sartori's grounds on the Delaware River, at Philadelphia, Dec. 29; C. Livingston and J. G. Heckshar representing New York, while General Grubb and Geo. McClelland rowed to uphold the cause of the Quaker City marksmen. The result was the success of the metropolitans by a total score of 39 to 28. The individual scores were as follows: Livingston 25, Heckshar 14; Grubb 18, Potts 10. The birds were all stone pigeons, and the shooting of Livingston, who killed all he shot at, was exceedingly good. Mr. Heckshar won two sweepstakes subsequently contested.

A PIGEON MATCH was shot by prominent business men of Trenton, N. J., at that place, on Christmas-day, Messrs. Wellar, Cubberley, Parker, J. S. Sutton and Smith being opposed to Messrs. Bartlett, Bradley, Shangle, S. S. Sutton and Dr. Rogers. Each man shot at nine singles, 21 yards rise, 80 yds. rule, and the latter team won by a score of 32 to 27. The match ended, the shootists repaired to the American House, where an excellent dinner was partaken of at the expense of the losers, which wasn't glory enough for them.

THE TURF.

LAST YEAR'S WINNERS.—During the racing season of 1874 the stable of Col. McDaniel heads the list of winners with the amount of $42,445. This includes the winning of Katie Pease in California; Springbok, Harry Bassett, Willie Burke and Mary Burke being credited with the balance. Messrs. A. E. Lewis & Co., rank second on the list, with the gross winnings of $29,350, of which Vandalite has the honor of gaining the largest proportion. The Preakness Stable, belonging to Mr. W. H. Sanford, comes third with a gross total of $22,631, won by Preakness, Mate, Bingaman and Fisework. Fourth on the list is M. P. McGrath, with the gross winnings of $18,665, won by Tom Bowling, Aristides, Chesapeake and Aaron Pennington. Pierre Lorillard's stable ranks fifth, with a gross total of $18,600, including $1,800 in plate, won by Saxon, Attila and Jamaica. Lawrence & Lorillard's stable stands sixth, with a gross total of $11,915, and the Nursery Stable of A. Belmont seventh, with $11,608, including $500 in plate. Of winning sires, Lexington again heads the list, Australian is second, and Planet third.

RETURNED FROM CALIFORNIA.—The veteran turfman Captain W. D. Moore of Kentucky passed through this city last week on his return from California, whither he went last Fall to witness the great four-mile-heat race and the victory of Katie Pease. When he started for the Pacific slope, Captain Moore expected that the racehorse Foster, now in Oregon, in whom he retains one-half interest, would be entered and start for the $25,000 purse, but on his arrival he found that he had not been entered, having been severely kicked and injured a few days before the closing of the entries. The Captain speaks in the most enthusiastic terms of the climate and riches of the Golden State, the munificent hospitality and kindness of California turfmen, and their passionate attachment to the sports of the turf. It is probable that the blue jacket and cap of the veteran turfman, which for forty years have been so familiar on the racecourses of the Southern, Western and Eastern States, will after next Fall find a permanent home in the Golden State.

PURCHASE OF THOROUGHBRED STOCK.—Mr. Richard Ten Broeck of Kentucky has recently sold to Mr. D. Swigert of Stockwood Stud Farm, Ky., his two fine imported broodmares Ladylove and Mercy, which he personally selected from the best blood in England. Ladylove is a brown mare, 10 years old, by Stockwell or Caterer out of Chere Amie by Sweetmeat. Mercy is a chesnut mare, foaled in 1864, by Trumpeter out of a Faugh-a-ballagh mare. Both the above mares are stinted to Phaeton. Mr. Swigert also bought of Mr. Ten Broeck the very promising yearling Bengal, by Phaeton out of Ladylove.

POINT BREEZE PARK ASSOCIATION.—The members of this Association held their annual meeting at the La Pierre House, Philadelphia, last week, when the greatest enthusiasm prevailed over the bright prospect for the season of 1875. The stockholders came forward in plucky style, and subscribed the sum of $6,000 toward liquidating the indebtedness of the Association. Mr. B. J. Williams was nominated for president, and Messrs. McCay, Newman, Amer, Stetson, Ellis, Harrison, Kelly, Jachnes, Mooney, Murphy, Colket, Reigel and Glading, for directors for the ensuing year. The election will take place this week.

A RUNNING RACE, mile heats, three in five, for $1,000, came off at the Bay District track, San Francisco, Cal., on Christmas day, between Katie Pease, Nell Flaherty and Blanche Hull. The first-named won in three straight heats, Blanche being distanced in the third heat. Time, 1:46¼, 1:48, 1:48.

RUNNING RACES and trotting matches for small purses by local horses over the Thunderbolt Track afforded amusement to sporting men at Savannah, Ga., Christmas-day and New Year's.

MRS. MAGINLEY'S RAFFLE.

The social circle of Blind Johnnie's Court has for several days past been greatly agitated by a small circular that was posted in various parts of the alley, announcing that on Thursday evening, November 19, Mrs. Maginley, a widow lady of some popularity in that neighborhood, would give a ball and raffle a live pig, each purchaser of a ticket to the ball being entitled to a chance in the raffle. Balls and raffles have for years been the most popular amusements in that section of the city, and Mrs. Maginley assured her most intimate friends that, since "Tom Casey won the goold watch at Mr. Doyle's raffle last year, 'there had never been an affair of so high-toned a character as hers would be. A raffle and even a ball are no uncommon things; but when Mrs. Maginley resolved to combine these two popular amusements in one night's entertainment, the joy of the dwellers in Blind Johnnie's Court was too great to be expressed. The tickets were all sold during the early part of the week, and on Thursday evening about thirty couples assembled in Mrs. Maginley's back parlor, and proposed to enjoy the festivities of the occasion.

To enjoy the many exciting incidents which occurred during the raffle, when Bill Dugan threw three sixes and beat John Bingham's throw of seventeen, or when the redoubtable Thomas Casey, the former winner of a gold watch, threw two deuces and an ace, and then struck a man named Ryan for shaking his elbow while he was throwing, would take up too much space. Let it suffice to say that Mr. Bill Dugan "won the pig." When this announcement was made the excited rafflers then broke into a loud and long-prolonged cheer, that soon attracted the attention of several police-officers, who hastened to the spot to see what could be the matter. The prize pig, which was confined in a small inclosure in the back-yard, was then shown to the throng by the light of a lamp. The animal, however, proved to be anything but a prize, being both small and lean, and did not even make a good appearance by lamplight; and the moment Mr. Bill Dugan's eyes rested upon the poor porker he remarked, with some feeling:

"Oh! begorra; wud yees mind the legs uv him!"

In a word, all were sadly disappointed in the pig, and Mr. Bill Dugan was particularly incensed at the manner in which Mrs. Maginley had received him, and induced him to suppose that the prize pig was little short of a mountain of lard. The disgusted contestants for the pig having returned to the house, the dancing commenced; but Mr. Bill Dugan was not to be shut out of the dance, and continued to manifest a very bad humor. Every few minutes he would hie away to a neighboring saloon, to soothe his troubled spirits by indulging in numerous liquid refreshments. Finally, about eleven o'clock, he returned to the house of the Widow Maginley, and getting into an altercation with that lady's son, Dan, a free, and, to the wounded spirit of Mr. Dugan, a consoling fight ensued, during the progress of which he managed to beat three men and two women in a thorough and to him perfectly satisfactory manner. Finally the police interfered, and Mr. Bill Dugan, Mrs. Maginley, Dan Maginley, Charles Murry and Andrew Thompson were arrested, just as the melee was about over, and taken to the Western Station-house. Mrs. Maginley and her son were released, but all the others were held to answer the charges preferred against them by Mrs. Maginley. With the exception of this little unpleasantness, the raffle was a great success. The prize pig still remains at Mrs. Maginley's, awaiting the release of its unhappy owner.—*Baltimore American*, Nov. 17.

INGOMAR.

BY THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR."

Ingomar was a barbarian. He lived among the mountains, and obtained a livelihood by capturing any stray travelers who chanced that way, holding them until their friends could raise a specified sum of money, when he returned the ransomed sinners home. Mar was his name originally, being a son of Mars, but owing to his impetuous way of "going in" when there was a fight, he came to be called In-gomar. The barbarians whom he commanded scorned to live in the cities, chiefly on account of being compelled to go dressed up. They preferred to be bare as to their limbs, hence the name, bare-barians.

Ingomar and his band drove a lively business in the ransom line. One morning they captured an old man named Myron, an armorer from a neighboring city. Too old, apparently, to bear arms, he yet bore a whole bundle of arms in his bare arms when caught. He didn't advertise his business any in the papers, but sold his goods by samples, and the barbarians got away with him, as they are bound to get away with everybody that don't advertise.

Myron had a beautiful daughter named Parthenia. She hadn't any par Thenia, because her par's name was Myron, and so she had no par Theano. When news reached the family of the capture of Myron they were overwhelmed with grief. Thirty ounces of bright silver were demanded as a ransom, and that was some twenty-nine ounces more than there was about the house; so they ran some considerable behind on the transaction, and again appealed to her friends to make up the amount, but as they had a note to meet that day, another had just paid his gas bill, and it took all he could rake and scrape, and another could easily have loaned her the money yesterday, but he got invegled into a game of poker the night before, and it cleaned him out.

Then she besought the Timarch (mayor of the city) to bail the old man out, but the Timarch said there was an ordinance against such a proceeding. As a last resort, she entreated Polydor, a rich old fellow, whom she had discarded as a lover, to put up for Myron. So he consented to marry her, but Polydor wouldn't stand any polly-foxing, and thus all hope of succor failed, suckers not being picked up as easily then as now.

A raffle might have done the business, but Parthenia never thought of that. She determined to seek her father in the mountains, and go to him with the barbarians. She did so, was captured by the Alemanni and brought to Ingomar. Ingomar was not much accustomed to female society. He didn't attend any parties, although he was a party to all the stealing there was going on around there; and if he was ever invited to a ball it was a ball and chain. He was greatly taken with Parthenia—liked her style—so when she offered to remain as ransom for her father until such time as he could dispose of his shot guns and raise the required money, Ingomar readily gave his assent, although he was never known to give a cent's worth in his life. From that moment it was good-bye, Ingomar. He fell desperately in love with Parthenia. He offered to be her guide back to the city, and when they reached the city walls they met her father Myron. After the first transports were over, Ingomar proposed a wife for Myron and take up his abode with them. He wanted to become a Greek—to work on the canal, take out his naturalization papers and vote the democratic ticket. After stipulating that the barbarian should doff his lion skin, shave off his huge whiskers and lay aside his sword, Myron consented, and they rode into the city on the Carthage 'bus.

Ingomar worked faithfully with Myron in the armory, but their guns didn't seem to go off very well, and they remained poor. Polydor bought up all the outstanding claims against Myron, and released them upon him one day. He couldn't settle, and Polydor was about to sell the entire family as slaves, (this was before the war) when Ingomar put himself in as a substitute. At this crisis the Alemanni appeared in front of the city's walls. Great consternation ensued, but peace was made with the barbarians, Ingomar set free and given a government appointment, and Parthenia bestowed upon him in marriage.

And thus they went hand-and-hand together—
Two soles with but a single squeak,
Brogans that clump as one.

AMUSEMENTS.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE,
585 Broadway, opposite Metropolitan Hotel.
THE PEOPLE'S VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.
MONDAY, Jan. 4, and every evening, commencing at 7.45,
Wednesday and Saturday matinee at 2.30,
DARE-DEVIL BILL,
THE SOBUTOF THE PRAIRIES,
AND TROUPE OF INDIANS,
in the thrilling drama of border life written expressly for DARE-DEVIL BILL by his intimate friend, NED BUNTLINE, entitled
TRAPPER'S LIFE.
Together with the original sensation of the
GIRLS OF THE PERIOD
and
BOYS OF THE DAY,
introducing a representation of
LA JARDIN MABILLE,
with a troupe of THIRTY beautiful young ladies.
AN ENTIRELY NEW OLIO, WITH SIX NEW STARS.
HAMILTON and YOUNG, Song-and-dance Artists.
PADDY and NELLIE HUGHES, Character Artists.
BONNIE NELSON, the charming Vocalist.
JULE KEEN, Dutch Comique.
FRANK BELL, in his great Essence.
SALLIE ADAMS, the Musical Wonder.
EMERSON and CLARKE, the Contraband Children.
CHARLES VINCENT, Ethiopian Comedian.
First-class Talent wanted at all times. Address
41-1t HARRY HART, Stage-manager.

FIFTH-AVENUE THEATRE.
EVERY NIGHT THIS WEEK.
THE PALACE OF TRUTH.
THE BRILLIANT FAIRY COMEDY.
SPECTACULAR SCENERY.
MATINEE
OF PALACE OF TRUTH
SATURDAY.
MONDAY NEXT,
MERCHANT OF VENICE. 41-1t

MRS. ROUSBY
AS LADY ELIZABETH.
LYCEUM THEATRE, 14TH ST. AND 6TH AVE.
Every Night and Saturday Matinee.
Mrs. ROUSBY, the most renowned English actress of the present day, in her original character of the
LADY ELIZABETH,
in Tom Taylor's grand historical play,
'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN,
supported by GEORGE CLARKE. 41-1t

PARK THEATRE.
SEVENTEENTH WEEK.
POSITIVELY LAST WEEK.
REMEMBER, LAST SIX NIGHTS
REMEMBER, LAST SIX NIGHTS
REMEMBER, LAST SIX NIGHTS
of the theatrical sensation of the season.
MR. JOHN T. RAYMOND
in his great role and success,
COL. MULBERRY SELLERS,
in Mark Twain's popular drama, 113th performance,
MONDAY, JAN. 4.
Friday, testimonial benefit to MR. RAYMOND.
Saturday, January 9, LAST "SELLERS" MATINEE.
The season of French Opera opens January 11. 41-1t

UNION-SQUARE THEATRE.
Proprietor and Manager.....MR. SHERIDAN SHOOK
.....MR. A. M. PALMER
Curtain rises promptly at 8 o'clock.
Play is over at 11.10 o'clock.
EVERY NIGHT
THE TWO ORPHANS,
MOST BEAUTIFUL PLAY
SEEN IN NEW YORK FOR YEARS.
THE SCENERY, BY MARSTON,
IS THE MOST MAGNIFICENT
EVER SET UPON ANY STAGE.
Seats secured two weeks in advance.
SATURDAY, JAN. 9, AT 130, FOURTH MATINEE OF
THE TWO ORPHANS. 40-1t

ALHAMBRA VARIETIES,
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SEA-SPRAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY HARVEY LAURENCE.

The sea-wind lends us roving wings,
As o'er the shimmering waves we fly;
Calls to our rocking boat, then sings
'Till breezy ripplings haunt the sky;
Sweeps where cloud-shadows fleck the bay,
Brushing aside the morning's vail of mist,
And o'er an amber sea we stray,
Wave-murmur lulled, and sea-spray kissed.

The free waves toss us, shouts the breeze,
Fanning our brows with boisterous glee;
While fancy seeks our sight to please
With toy-like vessels far at sea;
Our light craft foams the billow's crest,
To its gurgling sobs we love to list;
And from li'e's troubled care-s find rest,
Wave-murmur lulled, and sea-spray kissed.

No more are we on bright waves cast—
Alone, I hear the sea-wind call—
From out our lives such scenes have pass'd,
Like glinting sails when sea-fogs fall.
O darling! many a breeze-ripe day
The comfort of your words I've missed,
When idling on our sun-glad bay—
Wave-murmur lulled, and sea-spray kissed.

AN AERIAL DRAMA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY GEORGE KAYE.

It was a balmy and beautiful afternoon in midsummer, in the year 186—.

A young gentleman was promenading in the garden of the Palais Royal, near the fountain. His elegant bearing and matchless toilet made manifest the cavalier accustomed to moving in the most select salons of the French capital. His figure was tall and of symmetry; his face uncommonly prepossessing, and its expression indicative of a fervid temperament, and a noble, imaginative soul. Hair and eyes were brown, the latter large, clear and deep, and in their depths lay a pensiveness verging on melancholy. His age could not have been short of thirty.

At a second glance it would have been recognized that the young man was not an idle, aimless *flaneur*, but an expectant. He was undoubtedly awaiting someone. A certain impatience of movement, eyes now and then quickly uplifted and sweeping restlessly around, a frown flitting over the brows, and lips that twitched in one moment and in the next were firmly compressed, would have betrayed this fact to the mere layman in observation. Besides, the fountain in the Palais Royal is notorious as a point of rendezvous. Reader, thou art mistaken; over here is not awaiting a woman (for hundreds) time he sauntered from the fountain to the Café de la Rotonde, and thence back to the fountain. Here he paused and stared intently into the curved and glistening water-jet, whose almost invisible shower of liquid dust began to besprinkle and moisten his apparel. Did this admirable fountain magnetically fetter the glances of a man who, at other hours, could hardly find attraction in the magnificent water-works of Versailles or Saint Cloud?

Some minutes may have thus passed, when another young man appeared on the scene. He advanced from the direction of the Galerie d'Orléans, and approached the ruminating individual at the basin. The newcomer was apparently about in his twenty-fifth year. He was dressed with the utmost care and in the height of fashion. He had but one arm, and wore the ribbon of the Legion of Honor in his button-hole. His eyes sparkled with the animated glow of a warm, sanguine vitality: his face was bronzed and bold, frank and good-natured. One sees such proud, manly heads in Horace Vernet's battle pictures.

On beholding the dreamer, he burst into a merry laugh. This one started from his very.

"Ah, Eugene, at last! I have been here an age awaiting you."

"And to annihilate time I perceive you have been indulging in a shower-bath *ai fresco*. But forgive me, Victor; I was obliged to call at half a dozen places, and was ambushed fully as often on my rounds."

"Poor friend, beleaguer at Puebla, in Paris beleaguered. From the rain into the spout, eh?"

"And yet the *jeunesse doree* of Paris envies us the one as much as the other. A pensioned captain, I opine, should rather be an object of compassion, eh?"

"To the devil with the world! You soldiers snatch victory and booty from the most redoubtable parlor-knights of Paris."

"Tut! as invalides, at best. My shattered arm is the only trump I have to play."

"And I wager that to this shattered arm hangs many a shattered heart."

"Bah! stuff! But tell me, what in the world has moved you to summon me hither to this unhappy fountain, which weeps perpetually because it is doomed to perpetual service as a focus for sentimental meetings?"

"Necessity, Eugene; for dinner is a necessity."

"Ah, I comprehend! The Verys, the Vefours, and the Freres Provencaux exercise their sway in the Palais Royal. But nevertheless I do not quite understand why you so suddenly take a notion to invite me to dine with you. Confess, my dear Victor, that you have of late neglected me, along with the rest of your friends. And now the delinquent is seized with repentance—am I not right?"

"Dear Eugene, I know nothing of neglect or penitence, but wish to speak with you on serious matters. Shall we go to Very?"

"Very let it be."

The two friends walked arm-in-arm into the palatial establishment of the king of Parisian *restaurateurs*.

"Let us not remain in view of all the world," said Victor, on entering the temple of gastronomy. "Very, we must have a cabinet, and in five minutes the choicest of your kitchen."

"A cabinet for Monsieur le Baron de Merillac!" lazily nosed Very, who sat enthroned behind a towering pyramid of rare fruits and pastries.

A charming miniature saloon and soft, swelling fauteuils received the two young gentlemen. In a few minutes was set before them one of those Lucullian dinners which have made Very's name a bright star in the galaxy of civilization. The princely repast was assailed. Amid pleasantries and small-talk nearly half an hour passed, but Victor de Merillac had not yet broached those important topics to discuss which he had summoned his friend. Neither did he give free rein to his hilarity. Something appeared to trouble him, which neither Perigord's fairy-like products, nor the nectar of Chalons could lull into sleep. Evidently he was waiting for the precise moment when Eugene's mood was best adapted for a proper reception of his communications. The young officer, on the other hand, was in his happiest humor. He was observant enough, however, to be aware that his companion was not altogether at his ease. Let us help him out of his dilemma, he thought. Taking up a napkin, he brushed the fragments of biscuit, the drops of champagne, and a smile, all in one, from his lips.

"Victor," he began deliberately, with that psychical tranquility which only he knows who has nothing on his conscience, and has, besides, just dined at Very's—"Victor, you would speak with me concerning a grave matter."

"True, Eugene,"

"Good. That rejoices me. For the last fortnight it has been my intention to do likewise with you."

"You? Why, what could have braced thee, gay and volatile son of Mars, into a solemn frame?"

"One of your follies! But have done with levity, Victor; it does not look natural. I see you fear that I may not meet your confidence with a fitting gravity. You are wrong. I have brought to this rendezvous a grave seriousness at heart than my laughing face of a moment ago would have indicated."

"I believe you. Begin."

"Properly, you should have the first word; but I will not be punctilious, Victor, for a certain reason, you have grown of late estranged from the salons, from your old habits, even from your friends. To-day I see you for the first time in five weeks. Will you permit me to draw an inference therefrom?"

"Certainly."

"You have broken with your beautiful Spaniard?"

"You err."

"How so much the worse. Victor, I will prove to you my friendship, by being candid with you. You are traveling post-haste on the shortest road to ruin."

"You err again. Dolores costs me not a sou."

"Who speaks of that? I repeat emphatically, you are on the straight road to destruction—moral destruction, in the eyes of good society, which is to me, in the eyes of your friends. I know not a more finished cavalier than you, Victor—no one whose nobility of heart and admirable qualities are better adapted than yours to insure for their possessor a respected, aye, an exalted position in society. But for some time past I no longer recognize the Victor de Merillac who has always been to me a model to emulate, a pattern of the man of the world in the highest sense. Victor, do not take amiss these words of an honest and ardent friendship. You cannot think how it pains me to be compelled to speak thus to you; but I had determined to do it long ago. Your infatuation to this fascinating Spaniard will cost you more than you dare calculate, more than love can repay you for —your reputation. Society will pronounce you dead."

"What care I for society?"

"But you have been born, and reared, and grown up in it; every fiber of your being is closely knit with it, and an existence like yours is not supposable without it. Victor, one does not shake off its influences, like the dust from one's feet, with ease or impunity."

"But I love!"

"I almost fear it; for only a blind, passionate love impels a man to such perilous extremes. Had I been told a few months ago, Eugene, you, with your five-and-twenty years, will be obliged to read the most trite and ordinary lessons of life to a man who surpasses you in mind and experience, and who escaped a thousand snares and pitfalls with more adroitness and surer nerve than you will ever possess, before you were ever initiated into the finesse and jugglery of the aristocratic world, I—I honestly, would have shaken my head with incredulity. And now? Shall I learn from you, as an example, that a brief fever of erotic passion suffices to overthrow an entire existence, well-regulated and drilled and rich in experience?"

"My friend, I have but one word to give you in return—I love. And the man of thirty-one loves differently from him of twenty-five."

"Well and good. You love. And you love a girl who stands without our circles—nay, more, even without the society of the commoners. Many others have done the same before you—the one a ballet-dancer, the other a lady of the Cirque Olympique, and so on. But never arose therefrom the necessity of banishment from the precincts of the polite world. One covers a love of this kind with the vail of secrecy, one makes offerings to the divinity in silence, one dreams away long and golden hours under the rose; but nevertheless one presents to the world a brow of serene unconsciousness."

"All that fits well to your five-and-twenty years, my friend. You look upon love as dalliance, as you can only conceive it now, as I only conceived it at your age. But when one truly loves, one shuns neither the daylight nor the world."

"Right enough, when a man can show to this world that he does himself honor by the choice of his heart."

"Dolores is no ordinary girl. She is not like her class. She is gifted and refined. She is pure."

"The question is not anent her virtue or her extraordinary gifts. She is a rope-dancer, a balloonist, an artiste of the arena—surely you cannot forget this, my friend?"

"Are we not in Paris?"

"Yes, Paris is Paris, and everybody knows that more license is allowed here than perhaps anywhere else in the civilized world. But a scandal remains a scandal everywhere, and Paris pardons only transgressions which arise from frivolity; for other motives, like yours for instance, it holds prepared the curse of ridicule, or even strikes from its roll the violator of its code."

"May Paris do what it will—I am independent, in spirit and circumstances."

"And how do you make use of this independence? To ride in Longschamps in an open tilbury with a Hippodrome performer, calmly passing duchesses at whose soirees you were ever esteemed an ornament—to escort her to the Italian opera and the concert-room, meeting with familiar, distinguished faces, that stare at you with glances strange and cold, but easily defined."

"I shall go even farther, friend Eugene. Dolores will make her last voyage in the air to-day, and I shall accompany her."

"In the Hippodrome, before all the world? Delightful! Then there remains but one final madness for you to consummate."

"And that is what?"

"To convert the daring aeronaut Dolores into the Baroness de Merillac."

"Well, then, to-morrow I shall attain the climax of my insanity. To-morrow, about this hour, a happy pair will leave the Church of St. Roche. At the same time, I have to inform you that I sought this meeting not only in order to have a last tete-a-tete with you ere my departure on my wedding tour, but also to ask you to serve as one of the two witnesses whom I require at my marriage. The other witness will be Doctor Nordlingen."

"Victor, you behold my amazement, my consternation! I cannot find words to ——"

"I know all that you would say, Eugene—that a man of my station may ruin himself for a girl like Dolores, but he must not marry her; he may give her his heart, but never his name; and much of the same sort. O my friend! I know life well enough to be able to say to myself all that a whole faculty of men of the world could preach to me."

"Then I have no more to say, and I only pray you to forgive my frankness."

"You would not be my friend had you spoken otherwise."

For half a minute the two young men were silent, their eyes resting on the floor. Victor's look became dark and uneasy for a moment. Then he passed his hand over his brow, as if to sweep away some oppressive thought, and hastily drained his glass. Eugene leaned back against the cushion of his chair and lit a cigar.

"Upon my faith," he began, after a few puffs, "I regret now, for my own sake as well as yours, that erewhile I neglected an opportunity of an introduction to your lovely donna. I conceede, she must be a wonderful girl. A swarm of elegants contended in vain for her good graces, as I hear. In Paris and in her native land, that speaks a volume."

"My friend, oh, if you only knew Dolores!" quickly rejoined Victor. "Some time since, when she yet possessed but little, a certain Duke, who stands near to our Emperor, offered her a mansion and a hundred thousand francs a year. She ordered the Duke from her threshold."

"Which you had already crossed a conqueror?"

"No. Not until eight days later did I learn to know the famous queen of the Hippodrome, and—to love her. And it is the first true and passionate love of a man who for thirteen years fribbled and toyed with the world," Victor pursued, in a tone which continued slowly and with earnest meaning: "And, moreover, it is not the bonds of the heart alone. Fate, also, has, through a strange concatenation of circumstances, linked my being indissolubly with that of the beauteous Spanish girl."

Eugene, the sensible cavalry officer, half-smiling, half-astonished, "this is assuming a tinge of the romantic! What the deuce has Fate to do with your affairs?"

I will impart to you what I have thus far confided to no one," replied Victor with an almost gloomy seriousness. "Perhaps you will then see my present course of action in a different light. For the opinion of the world I care no more than it deserves, and I have lived long enough therein to know at what worth to estimate the judgment of a blind and shallow multitude. To it I do not hold myself accountable. But friendship has other claims on me. Ha, then!"

"I am all attention—aye, all anxiety."

Victor began:

"Eleven years ago, whilst on a pleasure tour, I sailed on a French corvette from Marseilles to Gibraltar. Thence I determined to traverse the entire peninsular. From Gibraltar I went to Cadiz, and my next move was to be to Seville. I left Cadiz in the night, for the scorching sun made traveling by day very uncomfortable. I had a seat on the inside of the diligence. Next to me, as far as I could determine by the dubious twilight, sat a man who appeared to be a rich, unpretending, respectable trader. Before me sat an elderly gentleman, rather short of stature and shrunken in frame, but having a powerful moustache and a most expressive face. This gentleman soon opened a conversation with me that riveted my attention; the speech was remarkable for its intellectuality and knowledge of life. Yet, as it seemed to me, a certain delicate mockery lined his discourse like a scarlet thread, when it turned upon the affairs of my country and its relations with Spain. All the somnolence which had at first begun to master my faculties was banished in the course of the conversation. Becoming heated, no doubt as well by the little debates to which the sardonic old moustache had incited me, as by the sultriness of the narrow space we occupied, I proposed that we change places to the outside of the coach. He assented. The postillion was hailed, and the conductor, the only person that had been on the top of the vehicle, descended and took one of our places. We climbed to the airy, wavering seats on high, and off we went again at a lively jog. It was one of those indescribably enchanting nights peculiar to the tropical South, and my senses laved in its beauties. Think of my emotions, the sensations of a lad of scarce twenty years. My companion did not appear to share my rapture. He talked on, unmindful of ravishing Nature, and soon I was drawn from my dreamy mood, for he again entangled me in an argument touching the politics of France and Spain. My national pride was roused, and the harmless chat of erst, pricked on by one sarcastic observation after the other, ultimately developed into an angry quarrel."

Victor uttered the last words with agitation. He seemed to have grown paler, and his voice trembled. For a moment he hesitated, as if at a loss to continue. "And then?" asked Eugene, who had become deeply interested.

"Then—I scarcely know how it came about—my companion dropped a bitterly contemptuous remark about my nation; I—I started up like a flash and—then I saw the Spaniard totter and tumble forward between the horses.

Eugene sharply eyed his friend, who shunned the penetrating gaze of the young officer.

"How?" cried Eugene, after a brief pause.

"He was struck by apoplexy!" answered Victor in scarcely audible tones. Again he passed his hand over his forehead, and then went on more calmly: "You can understand that a memory of that situation still affects me unpleasantly. But further, I shouted aloud to the postillion, who checked his horses; but too late. He pondered not a moment, but deserted by the people in the same charge the child he had been left. The man had met ruin at the gaming-table and went off to America; his wife, destitute and delicate in health, had wandered with the little one to the place of her nativity, a small town in the Bavarian Tyrol. I flew thither, and learned that she died in Hungary but a month previous to my arrival. The child she had surrendered to some strange vagabonds who tarried temporarily in the place, and had departed three weeks before—no one knew whither. I called to my assistance the police of the kingdom, I advertised in the papers of Munich, Innsbruck, Vienna, Berlin, Bremen and Hamburg—all in vain! Then I went to Spain, and from year to year renewed the notices in the papers of not alone Germany, but of Italy, Switzerland, France, Spain, England, and even America. The letter remained in my portfolio. My love of natural history and thirst for knowledge carried me into distant lands. I saw the Pacific and the Arctic, Cape Town, the Rocky Mountains, the Himalayas, the Brazils and both Indies. The letter wandered with me. Wearying of my nomadic life, I returned to Paris and its gilded salons. About two months ago ——"

"I divine the rest!" cried Eugene.

"About two months ago there appeared in the Hippodrome a star of more than ordinary lustre. It was the brilliant and intrepid aeronaut Senora Dolores, who in a few days became the talk of Paris. The fame of her beauty, together with her skill and daring, in a very short time proved to her the foundation of a fortune, and caused many a noble cavalier to sue strenuously for her favor, and as fruitlessly. I met the young girl by chance, was attentive, and, like everybody else, received the mitten. I know not what occult fetters held me bound to her; perhaps it was her resistance, perhaps that nameless something that authors speak about, but which has for me a Spaniard. Enough, I strove unrelaxed for her lenity, and in the course of this wooing became revealed to me the proud nobility and boundless wealth of a womanly heart that I had not at first dreamed of finding here. Dolores forced me to respect her in spite of her adventurous and questionable calling. And from respect to glowing, reverential love was but a short step. On her part she saw in me for the first time a man of good society, who approached her with unselfish and honorable sentiments; her heart was stirred by new emotions, and she loved me when yet she imagined that she only esteemed me. In short, an avowal of our mutual feelings took place, and I discovered, as you have guessed, that Dolores is the daughter of the Spaniard who eleven years ago breathed his last in my presence."

"And how did she receive the tidings of her father's death? Did you tell her more than he bade you write?"

"No. The unscrupulous woman who had her in charge told her that her father had died, without suspecting how truly she spoke. Dolores thus had grown accustomed to regard her father as dead. Should I have added a picture of terror to that sad recollection?"

"And the letter?"

"I delivered it to her on the day of our clandestine betrothal, and from motives of delicacy quitted her presence ere she broke the seal. I wished to leave her to the sacred memories of her childhood, that would inevitably have been conjured up at such a time. O what a sensitive, delicately strong organization is hers! On the succeeding day I returned to her—she could not see me, she was ill. The letter must have moved her deeply!"

"So, so!"

"Not until three days later was she able to receive me. She met me with a smile, but she was pale, her eyes bore traces of recent weeping, and her hand trembled as I pressed it in my own."

"And since then?"

"That was a week ago. Now she is calm and collected, though not a word of her father passes her lips, for her mood seems still touched by a silent mourning which not even the thought of our near impending nuptials can completely banish. I honor the holy feelings of a daughter! O friend, if you but knew what I have suffered these eleven years! This marriage is to me as the leaf of olive. I regard it as the atonement of a harrowing past, as a necessity in face of which the objections of society must grow dumb. Eugene, will you condemn me unsparingly?"

Eugene extended his hand to his friend with visible emotion.

"Let me be silent, friend, and commiserate you. You are in a situation, to which the opinion of another, even that of the most upright friend, falls blighty in the balance. God give that this marriage may fulfill your fondest hopes!"

Victor arose from his chair.

"It is three o'clock. Dolores awaits me. Can I depend on you to-morrow?"

"Without fail," said Eugene, rising.

The young men emerged from the cabinet. Victor paid. Silently they left the restaurant together. In the Rue Vivienne Eugene stopped.

"Good-bye," said he; "I must go into this house to my solicitor."

"Good-bye, friend, until to-morrow—at one."

"For a moment! There is something on my mind that disquiets me."

"Well?"

"The balloon ascension to-day ——"

"Is the last Dolores will make."

"Must it be?"

"She is bound by contract."

"You can pay Franconi a forfeit."

"So I suggested, but she would not have it."

"And you must accompany her?"

"It was her expressed desire. And then, what a glorious view I will have of the world!"

"Victor, I pray you earnestly, give up the idea!"

"You are silly, friend; Dolores is as expert as she is fearless."

"It is not that; I know not what makes me uneasy about you.'

"Shall she doubt my courage?"

"Well, well! God with you! To-morrow at one."

"Farewell!"

The friends separated. Eugene entered the building he had designated. Victor hastened into the Rue de la Chaussee d'Antin.

TO BE CONTINUED.

IN FUTURO.

The mad world rexes us; the brief years pass;
The sunlight breaks upon our morning dreams;
And the sweet glory of the noble dawn
But wakes in us the longing to ignoble ends.
We watch the quick, short hours as they fly,
And watch them for our profit. So the world
Goes tenaciously. Each wears the hollow mask.
Which of us is the richer, you or I,
Which steps more bravely on the public way,
And gives the easiest air of self-content
For true pleasure as they meet and speak,
With mutual grasp of hand; and love and soul—
Which is of God, and God alone—is lost.
In the fierce passion of accursed gain.
But evermore, beneath a silent cloud
That broods all dimly troublous on the hearts
Of Mammon-seekers, comes the dreaded thought
Of that Futurity which no man knows.
"To die! to die!" the trembling Croesus cries;
"And all the gold that I have sought to win
Through reckless nights and hungry expectant days—
Nay, cannot buy a single hour from Death.
The poorest beggar that may roam the streets,
Or rest his troubles in a wayside hedge,
Is rich as I in his despairing doubts
Of that great mystery, the Is to Be."
And this is the last curse of riches—
To toil and think not, lest a holier thought
Should mar our senses, and betray a hope
Of something better than the passing world.

THEATRICAL REMINISCENCES.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY A GOTHAMITE.

FANNY ELSSLER IN NEW YORK.

The visit of the famous dansuse of European celebrity, familiarly known as the "Divine Fanny," was one of those extraordinary incidents, causing probably the most definite excitement signalizing the history of the American drama, it being at the time regarded as a crowning triumph in managerial enterprise. It may be remembered that, although our country had been professionally visited by George Frederic Cooke, who had departed his life among us; by the elder Kean, who has left a permanent memorial of his visit in the monument erected over the remains of his predecessor in St. Paul's Churchyard; more than once by Macready, and by the most eminent actors of the London patent theatres, the advent of a lady, announced as the Queen of European coryphees, was a startling innovation upon the time-honored usages of the American stage. We could appreciate performances of world-renowned tragedians; we had been severely educated in an admiration for the legitimate drama, and possibly no theatre, wherein the English language was spoken, could boast of the possession of a more competent company than the one habitually placed upon the boards of the Old Park. For many seasons Mr. Stephen Price, the senior manager, had been intrusted with the direction of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, during its palmiest days, and naturally he secured for his cisatlantic enterprise the greatest amount of practical talent available in either hemisphere. The voyage across the Atlantic was, in his day, a journey of time and of expense, and even subsequently to the introduction of steamships great artists required tempting inducements to accept engagements on our shores, while ordinary stock actors regarded their translation to this soil in the light of a permanent residence. Cooper, Clarke, Conway, Hamblin, Maywood, Richings, the Fisher Family, and others of our sterling actors of European repute accepted this view of the position, for a majority lived and died in their new home; and those returning to the land of their nativity generally retired from their professional labors, and passed into tranquil obscurity. Mitchel, Wallack, Burton and Bengough, for example, were prominent artists in their particular line of business long before arriving in this country; and if the most ambitious stars simply indulged in flying visits they enriched themselves to such a degree as to be enabled to live in princely splendor. The hoarding of American gold most liberally bestowed upon them.

While the legitimate drama was persistently encouraged and carried to a commendable perfection, the heavy expense consequent upon production of operatic compositions interposed to prevent a constant succession of musical vetoers or the permanent establishment of the lyric stage in our midst. Nevertheless, we of the passing generation have had the pleasure of listening to the notes of the more distinguished vocalists of the day, although they but incidentally appeared upon the boards of Old Drury in the more elaborate musical productions. The English drama, in general vogue, such as "Love in a Village," "The Lord of the Manor," "Beggar's Opera," "The Duenna," etc., were merely sprightly comedies, interspersed with popular songs, while the entertaining interludes of "No Song No Supper," "The Agreeable Surprise," "Poor Soldier," "The Waterman," etc., were mainly ingenious farces with a thread of melody running through them. Nevertheless, we had among us Malibran, who was for years a resident in this city; Incledon, Braham, Mr. and Mrs. Wood, Anna Bishop, Phillips and other vocalists of wide repute, until, in later days, we were enabled, through the combination of two combinations, to enjoy not only the Parisian opera comic, but the more serious compositions of Rossini, Bellini, Mozart and Meyerbeer, as adapted to the London stage. But in the matter of choregraphy, it must be confessed that even our standard Park was a long way behind the musical library and the Paris American pantomime, with ballet on the brain, clamored for the original article and not a nominal sylph. Our Madame Taglioni was adjudged to be inferior to a Madame Lecomte, a sensationalist nymph, who displayed in abundant prodigality her agility and charms during the tomb scene in "Robert the Devil;" hence our sage critics were not overpleased at the attempted deception. Again and again our press howled for the presence of the Taglioni, but the monarchial pet was afflicted with a saline hydrophobia, and obstinately refused to tempt the waves of the Atlantic; consequently she persistently remained in London and Paris. Annoyed at the great dancer's persistency, an American gentleman conceived the idea of presenting his native land with a substitute in the person of her acknowledged rival. Fanny Elsler had attained a tolerable celebrity even in this country, strange reports having been circulated in connection with her intimacy with the Duke de Reichstadt, King of Rome, the second Napoleon, whose death, it was asserted, had been hastened, at the instigation of Prince Metternich, through dissipation, in which the "Divine Fanny" encouraged the child of the great emperor. From time to time these scandalous stories found their way into the penny papers; and Lola Montez, in the heighth of her notoriety, was never an object of greater curiosity than became this Viennese danseuse to expectant Americans. For many long and weary months did the journals fan the flame of expectation through insinuations, assertions and contradictions. One day Fanny was certain to come to our shores; upon the next, she had changed her mind; upon a third, she had secured her passage, and then again her journey had been delayed. Still, all this correspondence was a simple contrivance on the part of a clever diplomat to augment the fame of a lady he intended to chaperon through the wilderness of America. The Chevalier Wikoff, as he was familiarly styled, was a gentleman of wealth, of tact, and employed confidentially in the State foreign service. One fine morning the British steamer arrived unexpectedly in the lower bay, and, long before she was firmly made fast to her dock, the thousand and one extras issued from *The Sun* and *The Herald* offices proclaimed to the delighted citizens of Gotham the astounding fact: "Fanny Elsler has arrived!" Although the sheet contained an epitome of at least a fortnight's European news, not a man paused to read another line, but hurriedly darted off to the Whitehall wharf in anticipation of witnessing the disembarkation of the sal-tatorial divinity. But the steamer moved sluggishly up the East River, and the crowd, augmented momentarily, poured along the piers until finally it counted thousands of zealous spectators, cheering, bellowing and shouting, as the friend to the Roman King descended the gang-plank, waving her hand gracefully as, with a celestial bound, her foot pressed upon the somewhat dirty, dusty, American soil. To ascend into a vehicle was but the work of an instant, whereupon the machine was driven away rapidly; followed, however, by the infatuated multitude, who dropped from pursuit through naught save sheer exhaustion of their pedal extremities.

The modern Terpsichore was lodged in as regal a style as the resources of the American Hotel would admit, and her house was then installed in the company of industrious reporters who invaded the building, note-book in hand, to chronicle her daily doings; while a goodly collection of city notables assembled to pay homage to the newly arrived divinity. Assuredly Miss Elssler was neither in the prime of youth nor in the bloom of beauty, being somewhat gaunt in figure, above the ordinary height, with marked features; beaming, however, with intelligence and good nature. She did not anticipate being summarily converted into a lioness of the first magnitude, and appeared perplexed at the singular interest taken in her personal actions by the community at large.

The respectable manager of the Park instantly comprehended that the engagement must prove a success at a period when the finances of his theatre had been slightly depleted; but still, he was aware that an attendance of fashion could not be expected to overflow then existing prejudice against the young dancing would, in a measure, subside. The commercial or Wall-street journals were at that time omnipotent as exponents of public sentiment, and they inclined towards conservation of antique ideas; the penny sheets, and especially *The Herald*, were, however, enthusiastic in their laudation of the remarkable foreigner, outpouring entire columns in prose and verse in praise of the divine Fanny.

The favorite part of the old Park with the mass of the habitual theatre-goers was undeniably the pit, occupied exclusively by male visitors; hence, some injudicious person suggested to Mr. Simpson the propriety of raising the prices of admission to all parts of the house during the Elsler engagement, aware that the pit would be the most crowded quarter of the auditorium. Consequently, a notice to this effect was underlined upon the play bills, the ordinary method of theatrical advertising, and before twenty hours did not elapse before the newspaper offices were flooded by scores of indignant epistles written by well-known dramatic patrons. The pitites were not content with mere literary protests; they insinuated that a resort to physical force would eventually follow in case of failure to rescind the order. They declared their willingness to pay the additional price, but claimed their undisputed right to drive the debutante from off the stage; until finally a reproduction of a narrative of the disorders, known as the O. P. riot at Drury Lane, demonstrated likely, with sufficient meaning for the manager to his senses. More than once previously had the Park been the scene of disturbances, originating from much more frivolous provocation; there had occured the Wood and Anderson rows, threatening demolition of chandeliers and boxes, and consequently the whole company was summoned to listen to popular clamor. He receded from his position in a very diplomatic manner, through asserting that, at the earnest solicitation of Mademoiselle Elssler, the management would, at risk of certain loss, continue to suffer the prices for admission to remain as heretofore. This condescension was a master stroke of policy, and the divine Fanny became a theatrical deity. Even in those primitive days, when artists stood essentially upon their dignity, some sycophants thought proper to ventilate their propensity for adulation by means of a public demonstration. This was a very hazardous remedy. Some foreigners determined upon honoring Elssler with a midnight serenade, notwithstanding that the rowdy element of the town was in a dangerous ascendency, and night watchmen decided rarities. Towards twelve o'clock, a few nights after the dancer's arrival, the few pedestrians promenading the vicinity of the City Hall were surprised at beholding coming down Broadway a numerous procession of musicians, armed with violins, bass viols, drums, clarionets, and all the paraphernalia of an orchestra. Ranged around the portal of the American, these musicians, under the leads of lighted torches, outspread rolls of manuscript, and, beneath the leadership of the talented George Loder, prepared to execute some wondrous specimens of operatic melody. A majority of the performers chanced to be Germans, and against that particular class of emigrants an unaccountable animosity at the moment existed among the "bhoys." So brilliant an opportunity for a street row could not be overlooked; hence, long before the initial piece could be completed, the "short boys," "huge paws" and "buttenders" poured down upon the serenaders precisely in the style of Young Norval's invaders. The astounded musicians demonstrated discretion to be the better part of valor, and took to flight, leaving music stands and the cumbersome instruments as trophies to the aggressive host. These spoils were gathered into a common heap, a fierce bonfire was applied, and a jubilant bonfire extemporized.

This indignity aroused journalistic indignation, and every editor in the city demanded that the insulted Elssler should be serenaded in the name of law and of order. The appeal was heeded by the municipal authorities, the entire police force were placed upon a war-footing; the Teutons were re-enlisted, and the popular divinity was serenaded to the intense satisfaction of an attendant multitude, rejoiced at the gratuitous enjoyment of a really good musical entertainment; while the entire community turned its attention to Astoria in search of the stage of the syren recipient of similar fulsome incense.

Elssler did not disappoint public anticipation, and, for a long time, the incident of attendance at her first appearance was regarded as a feather in the caps of inveterate playgoers. To obtain admission was almost a matter of impossibility in those days, speculators in reserved seats were unknown, and no manager would venture upon the experiment of selling places at auction, an operation reserved for the financial genius of Barnum, when subsequently introducing Jenny Lind. As the sagacious Simpson anticipated, the engagement of the fair one was exceedingly limited, still before the lapse of a week, they—cheered by the generous criticisms of the press and the encouragement of those ladies brave enough to venture a first view—attended in numbers, and our fashionable dames formed during the remainder of the engagement the overflowing element in the house. The ballet selected on the occasion was a pantomimic opera, "La Sylphide," familiar to New Yorkers as a wordless version of "The Mountain Sylph," and excessively popular through performance of its heroine by an English vocalist, a Miss Nelson, distinguished for her physical beauty and easy grace. The divine Fanny was, however, adjudged far incomparable; and honestly it must be admitted that she was by many degrees the most finished and accomplished danseuse ever in America, and we cannot blame our good people at being bewildered, dazed, and in the matter of a performance as inexplicable as it was novel, and as fascinating as it was unexpected. Possibly, Elssler may have been for the moment overrated; still, she excited an enthusiasm never attained by a subsequent artist of European celebrity, not even by Jenny Lind, Rachel, or Ristori. The evil-tongued of her popularity pointed to the fact that Henry Inman, the most distinguished of our portrait painters, staked his reputation upon a cabinet-sized full-length portrait of the danseuse, while James Varick Stout, at that time representative American sculptor, devoted many hours of toil to procure a life-sized statue of her, honors never bestowed upon any other exotic artiste.

SHONNY AND DE PUTTER;
OR,
"HE SCHMELT A MICE."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I ton't know as I got no peeziness to write von leetle schort athory vot aind so long as it vas schort, nor yet so proad but a leetle proader, but den, you see, I got somding to dell about mine frau, vot ish so good as it vasn't, and still a leetle better nor a blenty, ov you relish it in dat vay. So much for te introdhucment, an' now for te exphlanassement.

You see, mine frau she goes town in te cellar, von day, yust a leetle vile ago to-morrow, to got to schurn oud zome kreem to make zome klabber—no, putter. She makes sume mighty gud putter, does mine frau, an' dot's yust vare te schoke kums in.

Eine, she ups mit de schurn; *zwei*, she ups mit te kreem—up-stairs, you see—*dri*, she ophs mit te lid oph ov te kreem. An' den—an' *den!*—mine got in helmal! dare vas von ov te pigest rats in dot kreem vot you ever ton't vant to see! Mine frau vas kombletely extinguished—or pud out, vat ever you calls him—and mine gal—vell, she yust got frightened into a duck pond, and schreams like dis:

"Oh! my! oh! my! oh—a! dake him away, Shonny! Go town to te hat and pring in te horse. Quhick! quhick! O—h—a!"

Und so mine frau she ton't know vot to do, she vas so oxzited. Und dvickly, pefor I knows noting, she vas whrappin' a piece ov baber up in dot rat, und ven she see vat she vas doin', she yust vainted avay. Rhight here, Shonny he kime in, an' we put mine frau on te ped—she vas kum too, now, you see—und den we tought vot to do. Ve kum to the konclusion to make dot rat up in putter—no! dat kreem up in putter—and sell it to te sthore. So into putter ve made him—te kreem—und made him up in von nice five-pount roll. Ven we get him all fix up so pooty, we guf him to Shonny to take mit te sthore up. Ven te sthore man veighs him, he puts him avay—te putter, not te poy—und ven he kums oud ov te back room oud, he kommenced to prag on dot putter, und he says:

"Sonny, dot ish very nice putter, dot ish. If your mooder got a blenty ov dot putter to sell, I vould like to puy him all te time." Und ven he say dis, he vas yust a-goin' to pay for it, ven Shonny—dot leetle Dutch brat—he yust say:

"I ton't tink mine mooder got a plenty ov do putter for to sell; und she vouldn't sell dot, but a pig rat got in him, and drowned in him!"

Vell, it vuld haf done your sthomach-ache goot to see te look of disgust dot spread over dot sthore man's face. I can't deschribe him, yust here; but I vill say Shonny did not accomphlish to sell dot putter.

VONSTHICK.

Martinsville, Indiana, Dec. 8, 1874.

A WRITER in *The Montgomery* (Ala.) *Advertiser* ascribes all the troubles in the South to cheap shotguns, powder and lead. He says the shooting of insectiverous birds has, this year, cost Alabama alone more than $10,000,000 in the ravages done by the cotton caterpillar.

WAITING AND WATCHING FOR ME.

There are little ones glancing about on my path,
In need of a friend and a guide;
There are dim little eyes looking up into mine,
Whose tears I could be easily dried.
But the Saviour may beckon the children away,
In the midst of their grief and their glee;
Will any of these, at the Beautiful Gate,
Be Watching and Waiting for me?

There are old and forsaken, who linger awhile
In the homes which their dear ones had left,
And an action of love, or a few gentle words,
Might cheer the sad spirit bereft;
But the reaper is near to the long-standing corn,
The weary shall soon be set free;
Will any of these, at the Beautiful Gate,
Be Waiting and Watching for me?

There are dear ones at home I may bless with my love,
There are wretched ones pacing the street,
There are friendless and suffering strangers around,
There are tempted and poor I must meet.
There are many unthought of, whom happy and blest
In the last of the leaf I shall see;
Will any of them, at the Beautiful Gate,
Be Waiting and Watching for me?

STRIKING EFFECTS.

ARRANGED FOR NEW-YEAR'S NIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

"I want something grand, Mr. Bailey, and striking, sir—striking—gotten up for New-Year's Night. Something that will draw immensely. Business of late has been bad, sir, bad. Have hardly had a decent return for the capital invested, and something has got to be done, sir—got to be done."

"The owner of "The Great Hemispherical Circus" strutted about as if he was the sole proprietor of all the shows in the universe, in place of a miserable one-horse concern, that dared not put up its bills except in obscure country-towns, carefully kept its half-fed stock hidden by blankets, and ran the gauntlet of sheriffs and landlords. According to his idea, he was a great man; but according to the opinion of the jester, who mimicked him behind the centre-pole—a fit representative of the Apothecary in "Romeo and Juliet," without any embellishment—a remarkably mean one. And in this view the jester was sustained by the entire company.

"I have been thinking of the same thing, sir," answered the manager meekly; for, poor man, the wants of a sick wife and children had completely cowed him. "Yes, sir, I have been studying upon it for some time."

"Glad to hear that you do sometimes pay a little attention to business. But it is only your duty, sir—only your duty. You have very little to do, sir—very little to do."

"I have been thinking over a pantomime, sir, that would be certain to draw."

"Then commence its preparation at once, sir—at once."

"It will require some outlay, and ——"

"Money, you mean, sir? I never hear anything else. You conspire with the rest to rob me, sir—rob me. And what is the use of my employing you at such an immense salary, sir—immense—if you cannot get up such things without money?"

"The extra lights, decorations, dresses ——"

"

A SEASIDE REVERIE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Down on the beach, out of the reach
Of wind and tide,
I sit and gaze on the white-tipped waves
The sea-birds ride.
And with eddying shift the dark weeds drift
On to the shore—
High and dry, there to lie,
For evermore.

As I watch the scene, I catch a gleam
Of a snowy sail,
Coming afar through the harbor bar,
Bent to the gale;
'Tis a ship I see, sailors crowd the lee,
And by me waft
Their hearty cheers; after many years,
Home at last.

A ship one day sailed away
Far out to sea,
And carried one who will never come
Back to me.
Ah well, 'tis o'er: I'll dream no more—
The sailors' song is gay;
I would my cares were as light as theirs,
Or as easily chased away.

EDWIN DUDLEY.

AN AMERICAN ABROAD.

The Theatres and Concert Halls of London.

LONDON, Eng., Dec., 1874.

DEAR CLIPPER: Without being particular as to dates, or even as to the exact order in which I have taken in the "sights," I propose to tell you of what I have been able to see through the dense fogs that have from time to time—almost all the time—enveloped London since my arrival.

Among the places of amusement thus far visited have been the Metropolitan; the Royal, Holborn (three times); the London Pavilion; the Cambridge (seven times); and the South London Palace. The latter is a very fine hall, and gives a very fine "show" —much that is good, and but little that can be pronounced bad. At the Pavilion the Hanlon Brothers were announced. I could not imagine who they were until I saw them on the stage. They are the "Little Midgets"—Johnny, Billy and Bob—and seem to have grown but slightly. They do a clever "ground act," which is of the "classical" order, and their various poses are worthy of admiration. At the South London I saw and heard the Jeff Sisters, who are fair dancers and singers; and I also heard C. Williams, "Comic," in "Topical Songs" a half mile long. They were done in a "recitative" style, and liberally through his nose. His r's were all w's, and this so pleased his hearers that they accorded him four encores, after honoring which he wound up with a speech. Ye dumbbells at what speech-makers these Britons are! And how pathetic they get on slight provocation! Laying one hand across the left side of their five-shilling vest, they throw pathos enough into a mere vote of thanks to stock a five-act tragedy. At the same house the Alexander Family, whom I had seen elsewhere doing a burlesque on in the Majilton, appeared in a little pantomime, which was by no means bad. They are six in number. Messrs. De Voy, Leclerq and Hearn did a negro farce, in which the manager wants talent. This act, which seems to be the entire repertoire of these artists, was on the style of "Lucretia Borgia forth rode my horse," and yet created what might be called "most unbounded enthusiasm." A ballet, entitled "The Valley of Grace," was extremely well done, by four principals, a male dancer, and a troupe of about thirty ladies. The stage is large, and the flat (a drop) was positively a beautiful scene. The calcium effects were good, and the orchestra was excellent, which latter may be said as to all the London music-halls. Eight Scandinavian vocalists sang the national air of Denmark, "The Kiss Waltz," and "The Champagne Galop," rendering all three in fine style. They are all young, four are very good-looking, all were neatly dressed in black, with scarfs over their shoulders, and their voices harmonized finely. They have given concerts here in presence of the royal family, and with considerable success. Their reception at the hands of the gallery at the South London was immense. W. Randall sang fifteen eight-line verses of a new (?) song, "Sarah's Young Man," received three encores, and—made a speech. He was followed by Miss Emily Randall, who, after singing thrice, danced not only with her feet, but with her arms, head, and in fact entire body—difficulty that, however unsurpassable elsewhere, seems to have been mastered by all the dancers here. "The Martinettes and Another" are three men, a girl of about eighteen, and a child about eight years old. They are gymnasts, and good performers; but their act is wearisome, spite of their attempts, in French-clown dress, to be funny. It lasts thirty minutes—they could do splendidly in one third of that time. They do the hand-bells for an encore. "Another" is not a young woman, as I supposed, but a white bulldog, which comes on at the finish and seizes the chief performer in the background. It was now nearly midnight, and so I did not wait to see the Brothers Holman, advertised as "Flying Wonders," and for whom trapeze bars were up.

At the Royal, the chief card were three French gymnasts, the sisters Nathalie, Leontine and Blanche. They do high-trapeze and rings, forty feet above the stage, and without a net. I never before saw such a performance by women, and have particularly as to feats of strength, to see it excelled by men. I am informed that they have commanded as high as £100 per week, and have been offered as much to go to America. I learn that they do the Hanlon's "Triple Parterre" out-and-out, and an promised visual proof of it shortly at the Alhambra. Edith Sisters are also at the Royal. She sings "The Echo Song," "Old Towler," and either "The Death of Nelson" or "Harry Bluff"—concert-dress first, then riding-habit, and lastly in sailor costume. She is a great favorite. Despite her intensely English cognomen, Georgina Camilla Sisters is scarcely English. Perhaps she is French, maybe Dutch. She is announced as the "Queen of Burlesque," and long may she reign—in England. Encore after encore greets her, and the air is thick with "Brava!" "Brava!" "Hear!" "Hear!" A favorite song of hers is "The air of 'Dancing on the Brain,'" and nature has wisely ordained that the musical poses with which she adds zest to the song shall be intensely funny, now and forevermore. The Clermont Sisters act, sing and dance; and no matter which of the three they attempt, they endeavor to do their best, and are liberally encored, as usual. "Levite and Nina" are a pair of gymnasts, whose standing is better than their gymnastic ranking, and whose reward comes in the shape of four encores. Herbert Campbell, G. H. Macdermott, Will Ryley, and F. Jongmahns (baritone) are all good—for London music-halls. Fothergill and Summerson are a couple from Glasgow. They play in petite farce, and do fairly well in that line.

The best female singer I have heard here is Mlle. Murrier, at the Metropolitan; and she is certainly good enough for any first-class concert. I heard another fine female singer at the Oxford last week, but her name has escaped me. Maude Beverly, also at the Oxford, is like to-nothing I have ever heard for animation. One of her songs, sung in the character of a housemaid, is an especial favorite, and the audience join in the chorus—as they do in most of the songs everywhere. Bessie Bonehill, characterized by the bills as "the greatest male impersonator in the world," is a mighty little fellow, with a face that is pretty, looks effeminate, sings fairly, and makes "a natty little man." About nine years old, not large for his age, and so pretty that he would pass for a girl if dressed in skirts, is "Little Tod," advertised as "The German Wonder." His specialties are a ground gymnastic act, and handing out, whistling on a post at a height of fifteen feet. His performance was simply wonderful, and he should be secured for the States. Prof. Doughty has some splendidly trained dogs, ten or twelve in number, comprising three large mastiffs, two greyhounds, several French poodles, and a very small black-and-tan. They work directly under voice and whip; and while they do not perform some feats that are done by Prof. J. L. Davis' kennel, they have tricks that his do not show. The Raynors are doing "turns" in three places, with their musical and bell-ringing business, magic and burlesque opera; and I am informed that they are spinning an entire evening's entertainment, which they will shortly bring out. Wise, Lincoln and Wise, two men and one woman, do an act *a la* Majiltons, which develops at least some good hat-spinning. J. H. Stead, the "Original Cure" (how many are there?) helps about the Oxford in a manner that I dare not trust my pen to describe, and sings a song, longer than a search-warrant, to the time-honoured air of "The Cork Leg." By-the-way, I have seen a very fine one-legged dancer (named Coupar) at the Oxford, who, instead of song-and dance, did a hornpipe and clog. Frederick Clifton, a Spaniard, called "Garlo," executes a series of amusing solos on the concertina, beginning with a very large one and gradually dwindling down to one not over four inches square. He finally, and in fine style, gives some good imitations of band, bagpipes, flute, roll of drums, and church chimes. Lizzie Sinclair, a transformation dancer, is first class, and does eleven changes with wonderful rapidity. Cheevers and Kennedy alternate between the Oxford and the Cambridge, are engaged until next march, and in their Dutch, Irish and negro changes have made a decided hit.

The other evening I attended Drury-lane. "Here, There and Everywhere" opened the show, and Fred Evans danced, made leaps, and went through traps at a great rate. Then came "Richard Cœur de Lion," the finest historical play I ever saw. The set for the first act—"In the Desert"—was magnificent, and over two hundred and fifty people were on the stage. A chapel scene at the close was also superb, as likewise was the second act—"Before the Walls of Jerusalem." The third act exhibited a square in Damascus, and about two hundred and seventy-five people. Evans and Kate Vaughn, with a ballet of about fifty, danced, and five gymnasts and some jugglers were introduced, the gymnasts doing about all of the Wilsons' "Brother Act." In the fourth act there was a tournament on horseback, at the close of which the biggest mob I ever saw on any stage poured in from every entrance, and through a large arched door in flat, until they were fairly massed together; and the curtain fell to a grand march played by an orchestra of twenty-eight pieces. James Anderson the tragedian, who "starred" in the States about twenty years ago, was the Richard.

"East Lynne" being on at the Globe, Newcastle street, Strand, I had an American's curiosity to see a contrast. I had read a great deal in the English journals of one Ada Ward, and was prepared for a treat. She is a tall, slender English blonde, physically qualified, like all other women of that stamp, for naught but burlesque or comedy. Under instructions from Mrs. Bowers or Lucille Western, she might in the course of years learn to play Lady Isabel. The best-played part in the piece was that of Bullock the policeman, done by Geo. Barrett. I saw the gentleman afterwards in a low-comedy part, that of a French gardener in the opera-bouffe of "Vert-Vert;" but he was still Bullock the policeman. "Vert-Vert," done in English, was a senseless production, utterly barren of plot, and abounding in poor solos, but very fair choruses, sung by about fifty people—a tolerable show of legs, but more bosom than I have seen since I was weaned. There are lady ushers at this house, and one of them showed me into a seat with such inborn grace and so much bosom that I involuntarily bought a programme of her, price six-pence.

At the Gaiety I saw "The Love Apple," "Island of Bachelors" (bouffe), and H. J. Byron's "Oil and Vinegar." All were played nicely by a sprightly little company. The programmes here were free: I took one.

The Charing-cross was next visited. "Clever Sir Jacob" was a farce played by people who were strange to me. Then came "Bluebeard," reconstructed and bolstered. I recognised nobody but Lydia Thompson (who wears well), Willie Edouin and wife (Alice Atherton), and John Morris, who in the second act introduced his mystic changes. Mrs. Edouin contemplates retiring shortly, but temporarily only. The Charing-cross is veritably "a little box"—so little as to have surprised me. I question if it will hold eight hundred people.

Next I went to the St. James. Though not large, yet it is one of the handsomest theatres conceivable, and if I witnessed the best acting I have yet seen in London. "The Guardian Angel," charmingly performed, was succeeded by "The Black Prince," H. B. Farnie's comedy-bouffe. It is decidedly the neatest thing in that line that has come under my observation. It sparkles with wit from beginning to end, is devoid alike of downright vulgarity and of double-entendre, and there is not an "undressed" woman in it. There was but one drawback to my enjoyment. A vendor of "Neapolitan ice, one shilling," was eternally clambering over me, incessantly begging my pardon, and continually thanking me—for something he didn't get.

On Friday last I attended the concerts at Coventgarden. A mammoth orchestra has been built right in the proscenium; and from the parquet have been removed all the seats save a few. These are directly in front of the musicians, are styled stalls, and are five shillings apiece. The entire auditorium and the whole stage are thrown open as a one-shilling promenade, and the same price admits one to the gallery. The stage forms a room that is more than one hundred feet square, and is tastefully draped and festooned to a height of seventy-five feet. It is richly painted in panels at the sides, and has refreshment alcoves. The entire back of the stage is lined with mirrors, facing which is a marble bar (double) about seventy-five feet long, and among the accessories of which latter are some fifteen barmaids. It was "Scotch Ballad Night," and I heard an orchestra of seventy-seven pieces, cornet solos by Levy, ballads by Rose Hersee and Messrs. Pearson and Morgan, and choruses by twenty-five ladies and fifty gentlemen. The gem of the performance were "The British Army Quadrilles," by Jullien, and played by one hundred and forty-seven musicians, comprising the Grand Orchestra, the band of the Coldstream Guards, band of the St. George Rifles, drummers and fifers of First Battalion, and the pipers of the Scots' Fusileer Guard. It *was* music—the several bands played as one man. Similar monster concerts are being given at the Royal Albert Hall, Islington. Those at Coventgarden have been brought to a close.

At the Vandeville, Strand, I saw a splendid performance, and a very pretty little theatre. In company with some friends, I paid my respects to the Britannia Theatre, Hoxton. A cheerful old barn is this, with its accommodations for only five thousand people. When that gallery howled just once, I fancied Pandemonium had come to the surface. It was Saturday night, and that is the time to survey the Britannia in its most "god"-like aspects. As we were leaving in our brougham, we met the half-price people coming in, and found a fearful mob in the street. Some of them surrounded our vehicle, and peered in at the windows as if aiming to win a menagerie without paying an admission-fee. "Oh, twig the bloaks!" "Look at the bloody Americans coming 'ere riding in their bro'ems!" "Twig the 'at!" (referring to a tall "dice-box" encasing the hair of one of the party). "Say, mister, 'oo's your 'atter?" Such were the cheerful sounds that saluted our ears, satisfying at least one of the party that Hoxton is a gay locality.

At Moore & Burgess', St. James' Hall, they give a first-part lasting fully two hours. Aside from its length, and apart from sundry jokes that can scarcely fail to remind a full-grown Yankee of the days of his childhood, that first-part is capital. There are fourteen singers in the front row of chairs, and the chorusses are splendid. Business is excellent, save that during this foggy and changeful weather the attendance at the matinees is light. McKee and Rogers, who have now been in this country about a year, and are quite popular, take turns between St. James' Hall, where they appear in black, and the Egyptian Hall, where they act in white faces. Hughey Dougherty, with his geniality unimpaired, is here from the Diamond-fields of South Africa, and is billed to open with Moore & Burgess. While touching upon American performers, I may add that "Washington Crowhurst, the great American actor," is announced to play Dick Turpin at Sanger's Circus. I could not imagine what the bills meant until I met Ted Croueste the clown, who informed me that *he* was that man. He assures me that his right name is Crowhurst.

A week ago, Amy Sheridan opened the "Opera Comique." The show was lavishly hissed on the opening night, and as an additional misfortune the lady seems not to be in accord with the press. She produced "Ixion Rewheeled," and as Venus revealed greater length of leg than is popularly ascribed to that bewitching goddess.

"Le Roi Carotte" drew me to the Alhambra. The house is a perfect stick, and the language of Robin Goodfellow, played by Rose Bell, was unintelligible by virtue of an accent that was simply barbaric. The band, chorus, and ballet severally numbered fifty persons, but of course many of the two last-mentioned doubled-up. I saw Mlle. Sara and her troupe. They are decidedly pronounced, about one-half their dance being cancan, and the balance (styled "Rustic Quadrille") simply cancanish. This troupe may visit America, negotiations to that end being in progress. The Alhambra is a large place, but the attendance was rather light in the high-priced area. Programmes, twopence: I bought one.

The Wardroper Brothers, minstrels, are at Criterion Hall, and are very clever. The Criterion is one of the curiosities of London; but as it has been fully described in THE CLIPPER, I shall confine myself mainly to the brothers. They are two nice-looking men, not yet thirty years of age, of about the same height, and each shaves his head bald at regular periods with an eye to a perfect equipoise. They open, with the curtain down, by appearing each in an alcove on either side of the stage. One of them then explains that their first-part will be an illustration of a wedding they once attended. The male parent was a retired tallow-chandler, who, four years before, married the widow of a fishmonger—a very illiterate woman, but ambitious of getting into "society," and who, to a certain extent succeeded in doing so. The wedding was that of their only daughter. The names were all "funny" programmes, three-pence: I bought one. Though four hours long, so many young women who, acting as ushers, besought me to purchase. One of the performers then stated that in eight seconds he and his brother would appear upon the stage—one in the character of the father making an after-dinner speech, and the other in the character of a well-oiled swell, overcome with wine. In just seven seconds after they had stepped back through damask curtains, the stage-curtain was drawn aside, and there the brothers were in character, and admirably made-up, too. The postprandial speech was superior to Lingard's, and in three or four seconds they appeared in full evening dress again. They announced that they were unassisted in their transformations, and prior to every one of the different changes they stated the time required; and they were never behindhand, although timed by numerous watches. The characters of the illiterate mother, a spoony young man, and a "major" who was never in the Ninety-ninth, but is incessantly talking about it, were particularly enjoyable. Both are good singers, whether in solo or in duet, and their articulation is surprisingly distinct. Their best change occurred later. Having appeared again in the alcoves in evening-dress, in precisely seven seconds they were seen on the stage—one in full ball-dress, blonde wig, necklace, earrings, and bare arms; the other representing a new type of the "swell"—something of the "Guardsman" style. The business of both, introducing singing and dancing, was rapturously received. The one impersonating the female reminded me forcibly of Sol Smith Russell. Next they appeared as two old men seated at a table, and engaged in an argument as to whether it was *The Telegraph* or *The Times* in which a certain parliamentary debate had appeared. They read from the respective papers as if to settle the dispute, and, continuing their talk for a few seconds under shelter of the papers, suddenly drop them, appearing as two "swells"—one sentimental, and the other quite *blasé*. The change was complete, and their dialogue, as well as a duet, in this and the second part was an illustration of various styles of vocal music—first the "Sensible and the Insensible," the former being done in *propria persona*, and the second being a capital burlesque upon, or rather an imitation of, the English "swell" singers of the Vance and Leybourne order. The making up is perfect, and the dancing around the stage, the pulling-out of handkerchiefs, etc., were a good hit at what may well be termed the "insensible" style. The other brother now showed off the "Underdone" style, illustrated by an amateur, who thinks he can sing a comic ballad at a private party. He followed with the "Overdone" style, as represented by an operatic baritone. Both were quite amusing. The "Not-done-at-all" style brought out a ragged street-singer, who cannot see why he isn't as good as Sims Reeves. This being encored, he played an operatic selection on a whistle about four inches in length, singing a nautical song, and a stupid stable-boy who sang a Yorkshire lament, constituted the last act, which they closed with a duet. Retiring, they appeared again in three seconds in their proper dress, and came down stage to say "Good-night." Decidedly, it was the best entertainment I ever saw given by two people. Furthermore, it was all new to me. Emily Thorne, I had almost forgotten to say, is at the Criterion.

A cosy box is the Royal Strand Theatre, much like the Vaudeville and the Charing-cross. Upon giving the password to a retired field-marshal who had kindly consented to act as doorman, he turned me over to a young woman who stood near. She escorted me through an entry, and up a short flight of stairs, where I was delivered, without "breaking bulk," into the hands of a member of the "Jeems" family, whose immaculateness in the line of "get up" won my profound admiration. With a freshness that seems marvelous in a land of but occasional ice, he requested the loan of my overcoat. I declined to give it him, but felt it incumbent upon me to apologize for that refusal by paying him sixpence for a programme, looking upon the transaction as paying twelve cents bonus for a seven-shilling seat. "Jeems" now with gentle hand drew aside the damask drapery, and turned me over to another Briton, who, after about six minutes of hard labor, managed to get me seated in a chair—into which, but for his gratuitous assistance, I could have bounced in just two seconds and a half. The curtain was rung up on a farce, and after that came Byron's comedy of "Old Sailors," and an interesting and well-played piece it proved. In plays like that of "The Two Roses" and "The Black Prince" these English people are *au fait*. Such pieces could never be so well played in America, unless by an exceptional company like Daly's or Union-square. Every performer in "Old Sailors" appeared to play *con amore*, and the set for the second act—"A Glen in Devonshire"—was worthy of all praise. Following the comedy came Farnie's opera-bouffe of "Loo and the Party who Took Miss." This, too, was artistically done. Dialogue witty, singing good. While it is not to be denied that there are "good dressers" in America, still I think it must be conceded that here the costumes are superior—owing, perhaps, to the material being less costly. The armors, banners and properties at Drury-lane surpassed any I ever saw before; while in a *bal-masque* scene in "Loo," at the Royal Strand Theatre, there were twenty-four women who were magnificently attired in the costume of cavaliers. The average female leg on the English stage would scarcely make a sculptor covetous of it for a model; but justice to the Royal Strand, and more especially to "Loo," requires that, before closing this (poultroy and immethodical) letter, I make one acknowledgment, however averse it is to my innate modesty. Never, anywhere, have I seen forty-eight more shapely limbs than hung pendent from the bodies of those twenty-four cavaliers who played "Loo" at the Royal. They held full hands in Nature having dealt them such legs, and won all the tricks.

Yours, with more sights to see,

RAMBLER.

THE CHESTER MYSTERIES are supposed to have been performed for the last time in England, A. D., 1754, and the following dialogue between Noah and his wife—from "The Flood," a Chester mystery of the fourteenth century—shows how ridiculous and absurd they were in tone and construction:

NOE.—Good wife doe now as I thee bidd.
NOE'S WIFE.—By——, not I, ere I see more need,
Though those stand all day and stare.
NOE.—Lord, that woman been crabbed be
And not are meeke, I dare well saye,
That is well seene by me to-day
In witness of ye eichone.
Good wife, lets be all thie beare
That thou meekest in this place here,
For all they were thou art master,
And so thou art, by St. John.

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

WHERE FIRST I MET WITH HER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

'Twas not where Fashion's gay parade
Held unexampled sway,
Where devotees of Fashion turn
The night into the day;
Nor was it where the theatre's glare
Spreads dazzling light afar—
It was not there I met with her,
But in an East Boston car.

'Twas in a horse-car, bright and clean,
On old Hanover street,
In good old Boston city,
Where we "beauties" often meet.
Yes; it was here I met my love,
Shining like morning star,
As she was riding ferry ward
In an East Boston car.

I gazed at her, and she at me,
And when our eyes they met,
The "electric fluid magnified"—
It did, now, you may bet.
And when I spoke, her eyes beamed bright,
As bright as any star;
Her voice so sweet—a seraph seemed
In that East Boston car.

Oh! at her gaze my heart seemed full,
Her eyes, they pierced me through;
And when she spoke, a row of pearls,
Secreted, met my view.
Her form was fair as angel bright,
That nothing here can mar;
And Heaven itself was in her smile,
In that East Boston car.

Well, days have passed and weeks gone by,
Since that eventful day,
But never will the mem'ry, sweet,
Of that time fade away.
Her form haunts my every gaze
Like spirit from afar;
Oh, would I could repeat the ride
In that East Boston car.

Boston, December 31st, 1874. BY HARRY BURTON.

IN THE WRONG ROOM.

Not long since, a Des Moines man, while traveling on business, had occasion to stop at a town on the B. and M. road. The train arrived about one o'clock at night. Our traveler found no one at the depot except the night-watchman, and by him he was directed to a hotel. He followed the direction, and in due time reached the guest-house and entered. He gave several distinct alarms, but was unable to make anybody hear, and so he started on a voyage of discovery to see if he could find a bed. After running about some time he found a door that would yield, and entered a well-furnished room in which was a bed. It was the ladies' parlor, but that he did not know, and it had been engaged for the use of a newly-married couple, who were at that very moment enjoying the congratulations of their friends at a nuptial party a square away. The Des Moiner was tired and sleepy, and he didn't fool away any time in getting into bed. He carefully placed all of his clothes under his pillow, stowed his boots and baggage under the bed, said his prayers and bounced in, and in exactly three-quarters of a minute he was asleep. In due time the bridal party arrived, and with them the clerk of the hotel, who had been in attendance on the festivities. The modest groom remained in the office until his new wife had retired, and in escorting her to the door of the room, all unconscious that the bed within was already occupied. The maiden wife entered and commenced to disrobe. Pins were drawn, strings untied, puckers unraveled, gore cut; there was a surging of white lace and a tumble of orange blossoms; there were snapping of stays—and the light was turned down very low, and she went to bed. Then she immediately went out of bed, and the cattle on a thousand hills didn't make half as much noise as she was making by the time she reached the door. She whooped and yelled, screamed like an eagle, and whistled like an inebriated steam-engine, and in the midst of the din the Des Moines man awoke and instantly comprehended the situation. He commenced to apologize, but by the time he reached "Madam, it's a mistake," the door opened, and in struck her husband and the clerk, armed with bootjacks and stove wood. For the next three minutes the Des Moiner was kept busy dodging the missiles fired at him by the infuriated pair, and at every shot the new wife would evoke another edition of yelps. Finally the representative of the capital city obtained a hearing long enough to explain, the husband explained, the clerk explained, the bride held him by the "git," and held the tongs before her eyes while he gathered up his wearing apparel and slid out of the door, and peace, sweet peace, came down over all. The clerk gave the Des Moines chap a shakedown in another room, and the play ended.—*Iowa State Register.*

ECCENTRIC WEDDINGS.

A London paper says: "Some few years ago a somewhat picturesque procession might have been met in one of the most densely populated parts of the metropolis. It consisted of a dozen couples, headed by a newly-married pair, who were returning from the church in which the wedding ceremony had been performed to the tenement where the procession were profusely adorned with artificial flowers, the men wearing garlands around their hats, while in front of the bride and bridegroom marched the father of the bride triumphantly carrying something like a small May-pole. Upon inquiry it appeared that both husband and wife, as well as their friends, were artificial-flower makers. On another occasion the clergyman before whom a bridegroom was about to lead his bride to the altar was astonished at finding an old tin coffee-pot forming a prominent object in the wedding procession, which slowly marched down one of the aisles towards the chancel. Still more astonished was the worthy minister when the wedding ceremony was over, the whole of the party knelt down and, with the antiquated coffee-pot in their midst, sang a hymn of thanksgiving. At first he began to have grave doubts respecting their sanity, but a few words of explanation speedily set his mind at rest. It appears that the bride was the bridegroom's father, a man of most eccentric habits, no traces could be discovered of some money which he was known to have secretly saved. Unwilling to marry his sweetheart until he was enabled to provide a home for her, the son determined to proceed to America to seek his fortune, and with that object began clearing out the few articles of furniture left him by his father. Among these was an old coffee-pot, which he kicked contemptuously from him. In so doing the lid fell off, and a sovereign rolled out. This led to an examination of the contents of the despised utensil, which were found to consist of bank-notes and coin to the amount of nearly £200. Of course there was no more talk of going to America; and as for the coffee-pot, it became regarded as a precious heirloom."

BENT ON MATRIMONY.

A prominent wholesale drug firm on Main street a few days ago received the following communication from a young country merchant, who appears to be bent on getting married, and prefers to make a purely business transaction of the matter. At least he doesn't seem to be very choice in his selection, as will be seen by the following letter, in which his reason is briefly but plainly stated:

Mr. & ——: Piese send me a price list soon of all your goods. A soon as you git this piese giv this letter to the most Ruiful fancy lady you have in your city if you will will giv you fifty dolors and a Day we get married i am 22 years of age as good lookin as any man. I have lived single long enuf. But mi notion for this is i dont wont a Girl to Break. Girl is never any count. But you tell her you tell her to be sure to send me in her first leter her portigraf. If you do this and She Does rite to me and We Do Marry I will giv you fifty dollors. I think i am a man of mi word, if you went do this piese giv it to some pore man that Does need it. There is always men that will go to such places. As I want One that is honest. I promis Me to quit her way of doin. Bee good to me, tend to my things in the house. Piese address ——, Clear Creek Alexander Co Ills.

The following is the letter referred to in the note to the merchant:

ALEXANDER CO CLEAR CREEK ILL.

"DEAR MISS, It is with pleasure that I rite this to you to no of you if you haint lived a singel life long enuff. Dear Miss if you think a man is going to marry you as soon as any man can do for a woman. Dear Miss it dont take me long to tell what I will do now if you wish to quit the ways of the world and live a married life piese rite soon putting your own portigraf in it, for I have lots of you on a small card you shall have mine the next leter Piese give Me your name and nearest post office. Dolay no time for my likness is running out. Please rite soon bring your leter to me rite or not You send me your portigraf in your first leter, you shall have have mine next, then we can soon decide this matter. rite your self and how long you have lived there. I am just twenty-two, fair skin, light hair, lays in waivs. Rite soon. I am in property worth five thousand dollars. Rite soon without fail. good By."—*Louisville (Ky.) Courier Journal.*

A SCANDALOUS AFFAIR.—Woonsocket is agog over a criminal case, involving the reputation of a prominent merchant and one of his clerks, a young lady of good standing, who had been in his employ about three months. She belongs to a respectable family, is highly educated, possesses a handsome face and figure, and dresses tastefully. She would attract attention by her luxurious brown hair and piercing eyes, though exceedingly modest in her deportment for a girl of twenty. The employer, a man of thirty-five, has shown her such marked attention as to cause considerable comment, and has often remained in the store with her long after closing hours, taking her carriage-riding, etc. At last a suspicion of criminal intimacy grew into an almost certainty, and a lady who has a right to be advised as to the deportment of the proprietor of the store employed a detective to investigate. The guilty parties were Tuesday night found in a room not far from Market square, the young lady in dishabille and her paramour disrobing. Admittance was gained by a clever device, and the couple were charged with the crime. Bribes and tears failed to silence the possessor of the secret; the injured woman was informed, and now has the case in the hands of a lawyer.—*Boston* (Mass.) *Herald*, Jan. 1.

A FATHER CHARGED WITH RAPE.—A man apparantly fifty years of age, giving the name of Klockenstein, called at the Mayor's office yesterday and stated that an officer be sent with him to remove his daughter from a house of ill-fame. He said she had lately run away and was living a dissipated life. He was desirous of reclaiming her, and for that purpose had arranged to leave the city and take her away from evil associations. Detective Pender was sent for the girl and found her at a respectable house. When brought to the Mayor's office she declared she would not go with her father; would kill herself first. This seemed strange, and after repeated questionings the girl revealed a terrible story of crime to the Acting Mayor which entirely changed the appearance of things. She said her mother was dead and that her father and herself were left of their family. Some time ago he had by violence accomplished a vile purpose with her, and had twice since forced her compliance with his wishes. The last time was in this city some eight months since, and she then ran away from him and was supporting herself in this town in a respectable manner. On the advice of the Acting Mayor she made an information against her parent, who was at once locked up. Later he was brought to the Mayor's office for a hearing, and after the testimony had been heard, was committed to jail for trial in default of $5,000 bail.—*Pittsburg* (Pa.) *Dispatch*, Dec. 22.

A MOONLIGHT WEDDING was recently celebrated on the banks of the Niantic River, in Connecticut, under peculiar circumstances. The bride and groom, with their friends, called on the dominie of Niantic village late in the evening and desired him to unite them. When he looked at their certificate of publishment he discovered that it had been made out in the neighboring town of Waterford, and was valueless in Niantic. There was a flutter of consternation for a moment, and the bride pluckily suggested that they should walk over to Waterford, a mile distant by the railroad track, as it was too late for a train. In that town no suitable place could be found for a wedding ceremony except the hotel, which was out of the question, as the party were Good Templars. Again the bride came to the rescue, and declared that an open-air wedding would be decidedly romantic. And by the edge of the quiet stream, with the bridal company standing around in the moonlight, the couple were made one.

A PERPLEXED MORMON gentleman, who some years ago married a widow and her two daughters, is vainly endeavoring to tabulate the complicated consanguinities of his household, a few of which are thus rehearsed by a local paper: "His first wife is his mother-in-law, his step-daughters are his wives, his son by his first wife is half-brother to his other wives and a sort of uncle to his other children," etc.

VIENNA BACHELORS who own money are going to revolutionize society. They are pledged by a bond of 10,000 thalers to marry poor girls only, who have neither money nor expectations. The treasury of that bachelors' league will soon rival De Souza's Golconda.

BILLIARDS.

VIGNAUX DEFEATS JOSEPH DION.

The Winner Makes the Second-best Run on Record—More than Half the Game Scored in Two Innings.

The first regular match for the championship of America, as it is called, occurred at Tammany Hall, in this city, on the night of Dec. 30. Notwithstanding the air was keen outside, rendering a seat at a glowing fire far more desirable than a glimpse of the most brilliant carom possible on a toy billiard table, play opened to an attendance of about five hundred, among whom were some twenty ladies. This number was subsequently increased to about nine hundred.

The favorite of the masses was Vignaux, but the pool-selling was anything but brisk. At Maurice Daly's room, a few minutes before eight o'clock, one hundred and fifty-four tickets had been sold. Of these, thirty-two were as to the highest run. Dion's chances were deemed quite as good as Vignaux's in this respect, and the sales were even—sixteen tickets each. But it was not thus as to the result of the game, Vignaux being bought sixty-six times to Dion's forty-six. Outside of the pool-box, but little desire was manifested for speculation. It was quite generally conceded that, barring an inordinately heavy run on the part of Dion, Vignaux would win. As a match-player, Dion has not stood in high repute since the early months of 1869, for the excellent reason that he has not been successful. Until December, 1867, he was never beaten, but since then he has scarcely held his own, and has been especially unfortunate at the three-ball game. Omitting his three games in New Orleans with Henry Miller, in November of 1871, wherein he gave odds to a second-rate player, he has figured in six matches at three-ball carroms. Foster beat him in this city in December of 1868; John Deery beat him in San Francisco on Jan. 26, 1871, and again on Feb. 9; he beat Deery in the same city by 22 points in 500 on Jan. 12, 1871; on April 17 following, by a score of 500 to 472, he defeated Rudolphe on the poorest average the latter has ever made; and now he has been beaten by Vignaux. The last game of all was Dion's best, although he has twice made a higher run, viz., 105 and 107 in New Orleans, to say nothing of his runs in the Chicago and New York tournaments. The manner in which he chased Vignaux redounds largely to his credit. As a survey of the score will suggest, the contest was one of the most remarkable on record.

Play began at 8:10. Happily, there was no disagreement as to the referee, the choice falling upon young John T. Reeves. Vignaux critically examined the balls, and did not seem overpleased with them. Then the two players went to the head of the table and opened

THE GAME.

Dion won the lead, and made a very creditable effort at counting, but was not quite successful. Vignaux's initial inning resulted in a run of 3. Dion followed with 8, two of his carroms being so daring in conception as to suggest that the player was in nowise lacking in confidence. Vignaux's second essay at the balls was a splendid cushion carom, but it was followed by a signal failure in endeavoring to make a "spread." Dion came again with an unfavorable shot, and then made another, when a bad break in the right-upper corner forced him to play deliberately for safety, though without success. Vignaux was unable to score, and left his antagonist a comparatively easy shot, which the latter was unable to make, however, in consequence of a miscue. This accident paved the way for a run of 9 by Vignaux, who should have went beyond that, but was lamentably feeble on a single-cushion shot. Fortunately for him, he left nothing for Dion. Vignaux now played "around table," and barely missed the second ball which was near the left-lower corner. Dion played a similar shot, and went around the same ball precisely as his opponent had done. Another ciphe for Vignaux, and then Dion did a little in the way of nursing. The balls broke up when he had made 28, and he was finally kissed out of count. This was not a case of hard luck, being due rather to the fact that the player, in his haste, went to work blindly at a shot that was pretty certain to result in just such a mishap. After making 5, Vignaux for the second time failed on a "spread" shot, of which ordinarily he is a master. Many of the spectators wondered why he had not taken his coat off. The probable explanation is that he can play just as well with it on. In the game with Rudolphe in the November tournament, it was not until he had put on his coat that he really played well. Aside from that, wearing a coat denotes confidence. Although on this occasion Dion stood in his white vest, yet in the last prior match played by him in this city, which was on Oct. 7, 1870, when he was defeated by Rudolphe for the four-ball barrel championship, he opened the game with his coat on. Afterwards, when Rudolphe made it hot for him, he gradually disrobed, removing his coat, then his vest, and finally his suspenders, going through precisely the same performance as on May 21, 1866, when, at the Cooper Institute, he encountered John Deery for a different four-ball championship. The results are not the same, however; for at the Cooper Institute he beat Deery, while at Apollo Hall in 1870 he was beaten by Rudolphe, who will perhaps pardon us for adding that he was that night the mightiest "scratcher" that ever broke the heart of a struggling antagonist. It is to be recorded of Vignaux that he began this game with his coat on, and so played it throughout. A like instance cannot be chronicled of a public match, although Melvin Foster and Joseph Dion came nigh it on that cold night, Dec. 28, 1868, when at the Academy of Music the latter played and lost his first match at French carroms.

After Vignaux had missed that "spread," Dion, with a daring two-cushion shot, began a run that promised considerable, but, after making 13, he too came to grief on a "spread" that required for its development a single-cushion with a strong twist. He overspread, smothered the ball with too much twist, and the feeble stream of chalk, a speck of dirt, or the slightest inequality in the cloth, would have thrown him out of a count, and left the balls well for the antagonist, it was a run characterized less by great delicacy of touch, than by "slow balls" and laborious effort. There were more "draws" and "spreads" than there was any actual necessity for, just as there used to be in Foster's case, and this was the bane of Mr. Dion McDevitt's. It was precisely such a run, judging from the desperate chances taken at times, as might be expected of a player who valued his opponent but lightly; and probably this is the key to that performance. It was, furthermore, a run that Vignaux could far more easily make when playing John Dion than when contending with Rudolphe, Garnier, Daly or even Cyrille Dion.

The marker's call was now: "Mr. Vignaux, 233: Mr. Dion, 115." The latter made 1, and then Vignaux neatly accumulated 30, leaving the three balls in the right-lower corner. But Dion, rattled by that run of 192, could make but 4 off them, and was so fortunate as not to leave an easy shot for his antagonist, who missed, as now did Dion, on a scarce that was simply a bungle. Vignaux made 11, and next 5 terminating the latter with a stroke that displayed an amazing lack of judgment, and that gave Dion another opportunity, could he have played at all as he did in the earlier games of the recent tournament. A beggarly 22 served to satisfy him, and then Vignaux, after scoring 2, made another bad miss. Dion earned 3, the first being a carom that, while it "brought down the house," would not have been ventured upon by a match-player wholly in his senses. He went straight up and down, and then up the table again, to get it. He could have himself nothing worth speaking of if he counted, and was certain to leave something for the other side if he failed to count. He happened to count by a scratch, for he could have had no idea, owing to the peculiar position of the second ball, whether he would hit it after taking two cushions in one way, or three cushions in two ways. Vignaux missed twice in succession, and then ran 53, the last being a scratch, in consideration of which he neglected to count on inviting balls. This made the game 334 to 149. Dion made 1, and then another 1, while Vignaux made 0 and 8, the latter cut short by a failure to *nurser*. This was encouraging to Dion, suggesting that Vignaux was by no means a player that moved by

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

Letters received for week ending 5 P.M., MONDAY, Jan. 4

LADIES' LIST.

Arlington, Ella
Allyne, Mrs. Kathie
Arnett, Annie
Bell, Lulu
Barr, Emilie
Bateman, Alice
Baker, Mrs. P. F. (2)
Blake, Augusta
Berrell, Mrs. M. L. (3) 24c.
Blande, Edith (2)
Brennan, Mrs. R. A.
Burke, Nellie M. 6c.
Benson, Jennie
Cornforth, Mrs. Annie
Colton, Mrs. Mary
Chambers, Gussie (of Mr. Crook Co.)
Claire Sisters (2)
Cerito, Mad.
Celeridge, Blanche (3)
Cleveland, Nellie (2)
Campbell, Ida
Chambers, Agusta (of S. America)
Carr, Mary A.
Chrissie, Carrie
Case, Mrs. W. (with Marionettes)
Darling's Dram. Co., Bessie
De Forest, Mae
Deshon, Sabra
D'Jalma, Mrs. Sadie 10c.
De Forrest, Zoe (2)
Dye, Miss A.
De Brent, Amy
De Tong, Minna
Fisher, Dalie
Foy, Bertha
Fisk Combination, Mme.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Arnott, E.
Adair, Thos. J. 3c.
Arnold Bros.
Arnold, Frank
Alden, Gen. D. A (2)
Atwood, J. B.
Arnold, W.
Alyne, Eugene T. J. (2)
Arnold, Amos
Ashley, Prof. Edward
Bolles, Frank
Brandon, Mr.
Burton Bros.
Bradford, Jno. M.
Bryan, Prof. J.
Blake, Jno. G. (song-and-dance)
Batchler, Wm. (circus "biz") (2)
Briggs, H.
Barclay, Fred (circus "biz")
Berry, C. Stuart (2)
Buckley, Harry
Burke, Jno. M.
Butler, Chas. W.
Booth, Mr. & Mrs. J. B.
Burke, Sergt. (drill-ist)
Burgess, Cool
Bailey, Geo. F. (circus)
Barnum, H. (circus manager)
Butcher, Harry (comed.)
Blanchard, H. (with Buckley)
Barr, Emline
Conners, Wm. (circus "biz")
Collings, Jas.
Cook, De Witt
Clark, Thos.
Cooper, Chas. (2)
Cooper's Gir.)
Crispin, J. O. (2)
Carroll, R. M.
Casselli, Jas. (manager)
Carter, Jno. R. W.
Collins, Frank (of Lew & Frank)
Costello, Pedro
Chizzola, C. A. 21c
Carr, Frank H. 6c.
Cunnion, Ed. B.
Clark, "Mike"
Clark, Jas. W.
Charles, Prof. (2)
Cole, Saml. (circus prop.)
Carr, Frank (agent)
Cotton, Jr., Ben
Cotton & Birdue
Cassell, Tommy
Cole, Chas. (artist)
Commings, Frank 2c.
Cannon, Pete (vocalist)
Dumont, Frank
Duffy, Edward S.
Duke, J. W.
Dawley, T. R.
Davis, Col. J. A. (with Zoe Co)
Davis, Scott
Davis, Chas. (song-and-dance)
De Glorion, W. 16c.
Dupree & Benedict
De Haven, Charles (3)
Denier, Tony
Day, T. Wm.
Davenport, Geo. C.
Dunbar, E. (vocalist)
Douglas, H. (of Guynette's Co.) (4)6c.
Doeblin, Prof. Eugene "Drummer"
Eckel, Prof. John
Evans, Chas.
Emmet—
Edwards, Geo. H.
Eagan, J. W.
Evans, M. F.
Frost, Hyatt
Fields, Frank (Dutch "biz")
Forbes, Chas. (manager)
Fox, J. W. (old men)
Fish, Prof. Jas. (2)
Fish, Jno. (Tony Pastor's Co.)
Florentine, Mons.
Fisher, H. (violinist)
Francis, Sig. (gymnast)
Forbes, Charlie (Dutch "biz")
French, Harry
Felton, Fred (theatrical)
Flemming, Billy P.
Fox, Charlie (with Washburn)
Frank, Tony (musician)
Ferguson, Robt. V.
Fredericks, W. (revolving globe)
Fergusen, Frank
Fluery, Fernando
Faustin, M.
Fox, Willie (comique)
Gotthold, E. M. (2)
Goshen, Col. Routh
Gerard, Frank
Goulding, Jno. (2)
Guynette, H. 10c.
Gray, C. H. May (Fisk's Co.)
Gibbs, Prof. Gus E.
Gaston, Albert (2) 3c.
Griffin & Rice
Hine, Walter S.
Halstead, Pete (circus "biz")
Heywood, J. (of Heywood Bros.)
Haggerty, Hughey 3c.
Harrigan, Ed. (of Harr & Hart) (2)
Hart, M. J.
Hunting, R. (trapezist)
Healy, Dr. Jno. E.
Hewett, Frank
Hawley, Dave
Howard, Arthur
Haunall, Hugh
Hughes, Barney (Irish "biz")
Hazzard, A. (musician) (2)
Hicks, Chas. B.
Hemble, H. (gymnast) (4)
Herbert, Geo. W.
Henderson & Leslie, H.
Head, H. C.
Howard, Charlie
Henderson, Wm.
Hicks, Chas. H.
Howe, Frank (agent)
Jukes, W. L.
Johnson, Geo. E.
Jarvis, Pierce L.
Jarvis, Chas. H.
Johnson, Jas. (of Johnson, Jas. (of "Buf. Bill" Co.)
Kelly, T. M.
Klarud, Oscar
Kimble, C. W.
Kenedy, Prof. Hy.
Karl, Herman (tenor)
Kane, Thos. (3)
Keller's Ethescope Co.
Kinkle, Dan (deceased)
Keyes, D. A.
Kersands, Billy
Keene, Julie (2)
Kent, F. (minstrel "biz")
Kearney, Master (song-and-dance)
Luca, Alfred W.
Lester & Allen
Leon, R. S. D.
Laugrishe, J. S.
Lockwood, Chas.
Lockwood, Mr. (of Thomas Con.Co.)
Lee, G. Simeon (2)
Loveday, G. B.
Locke, H. (mocking-bird)
Locke, E. A.
Lavake, Will K.
Lamb, Chas. J.
La Vallee, Chas.
Little, Dick (banjo-ist)
Lawlor, Jno. (circus "biz")
Le Clair, Shed
Little, R. (of Callender's Minst.)
Lingard, W. Horace
Lanpoll, J. S. Jr.
Lawson, Fred
Lavy, Joe
Lamb, Jno. J.
Lemke, Jno. C.
Leo, Andrew J.
Leavitt, Mason W.
Little, Chas.
Lee Family (circus "biz")
Labelle, L.
Le Clair, Jas. (circus "biz")
Mack, Jno. P.
Murray, Jno. H. (circus) (2)
Moran, Jas. J.
Melville, C.
Manchester — (late of Peck & Mun.)
Martinetti, Ignacio
Morris, Tim (of Pastor's Co.)
Mack, Wm. (of Pastor's Co.)
Mantz, J. C.
Morris, J. (of Robinson's Circ.)
McTague, Harry (6)
Maeder, Frank C.
Mitchell, Frank (Hibernica)
Marrie, Oswald
Maginley, Benj. M (2)
Mestaver, W. A.
Mosaroo, Theo. (gymnast)
Maree, Jno. (3) 6c.
Morse, Frank
Martinez, Eugene
Maeder, F. C. 10c.
Mack, Jimmy
McGill, Wm. (Mirr. Wash'n's "Last Sensation")
Morse, J. T. (2) (agent)
Nichol, C.
Norris, Geo. S.
Newell, Maj. (billiputian)
"N. E. Kid," Jr.
Nebinger, Otto (2)
Norman & Gordan
Nickol, C.
Neary, Jas. (clog-gist)
Nagle, Frank
Nash, Dan
Nash, Dan (vocalist)
O'Brien, Jno. C.
Osborne, Harry 6c.
Parmelee, H. E.
Quinn, Jas.
Pritchard, Spencer "Parlor Concerts"
Phillips, Thos. A.
Peak, Sr., Wm.
Quincy, Cris
Ray, Billy
Rhodes, H. E.
Reid, Borthwick
Rothwell, Tom G.
Rogers, Lonzine
Runnells, Fred
Richards, Wm. (man-fish)
Ring, G. H.
Richards, Harry (comed.)
Rayne, W. G.
Rivalta Bros. (gymnasts)
Rowe, J. (musician)
Rubini, P.
Robertson, Alex.
Reynolds, Jas.
Russell, Chas. H. (musician)
Rickards, Harry
Reed, Chas. P.
Shepherd, G. B.
Seal, David A.
Stanley, Ernest
Shirley, Harry
Stone, Den
Stanley, E. (2)
Stubbs, Charles
Stewart, J. C.
Seamon, P. H.
Seubzen, Prof. F.
Stevens, G.
Spaulding, W. P.
Sanyeah, Sam
Schafer, J.
Smith, "Doc" W. H. (2)
Stockings, Frank (2)
Salisbury, — (deadhead)
Shay, Charlie (2)
Smith, W. H. (with Heywood)
Stoepel, Harry
Steere, L. W.
Stowe, Harry
Showles, J. J.
Stockings, F. (cornetist)
Stansill, Geo. E.
Showers, Andy
Stevens, John
Sutton, J. T.
Sexton, Prof. M. C.
Silva, Joe (musician)
Springer, Andy (circus "biz") (2)
Thomas & Heeney
Thompson, Jno. ("On Hand")
Tayleure, Clifton
Talbott, Harry
Turner & French
Tinkham, Edward
Vane, Will (of Pastor's Co.)
Vinening, Albert C.
Vernon, Sidney (vocalist)
Vincent, Chas. A.
White, Joe
Wahlalla Bros.
Ward, Jas. (of Inter. Nat. Cir.) (2)
Wagner, Prof.
Ward, James M. (comed.)
Willis, Rich'd
West, Ned
Welch, Fayette
Washburn, J. W.
Whitenet, Duglass
Warner, Master
Wee, J. P.
Whiting, Chas.
Wells, Geo.
Wyman, Alf. (of Family)
Whitman, J. B.
Wilson, Fred (musician)
Washburn, Zeon 3c.
Wingfield, J. Raymond
Wells, G.
Worth & Sullivan
Warden, Edw. Adams
Wyman, Alf.
Whalley, H. (agent)
Wildman, Fred J.
Warner, Geo. E. (with Blaisdell)
Wambold's "Last Sensation")
Zanfretta, Alex. 3c.
Zeabold, Jno. (circus "biz")

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, JAN. 4, 1875.

First epistle to the Corinthians on the opening of a new year. No, friends; do not be alarmed—we are not going to inflict upon you a long dissertation on the evil ways of the year just ended and what we may look for during the year we have just entered upon; nothing of the kind. We intend to pursue our usual *gait*, and upon that will *hinge* the subject matter of our remarks. A few words concerning the theatrical business for the year 1874 may not be inappropriate, although you must be pretty well posted already, if you have perused the weekly issues of THE CLIPPER. But few managers were made happy from the opening up of the old year until the going out of the same. Managers worked hard, presented novelty after novelty, were liberal in all their undertakings, and offered a little of everything calculated to hit the public taste; but, alas! and alack (vide novels), nothing seemed to please, nothing turned in an illimitable supply of rix-guilders. The panic inaugurated by the failure of Jay Cooke spread throughout the country, blasting everything before it, and creating such a want of confidence as had not been felt since antebellum times. Nothing succeeded—the drama, the opera, the circus, all felt the depressing effects of the fiasco of the house in which were too many Cookes. Perhaps the variety element of our amusements did as well as, if not better than, other styles of performance. The circus suffered terribly. Then the season opened in the early days of April, and the knights of the arena started out with vaulting ambition, storms did beat, and waves of trouble rolled across their peaceful rest. Canvases were rent like paper houses, and poles were snapped like they were pipe-stems, figuratively speaking. General discomfort prevailed, and clowns found it extremely difficult to evoke a satisfactory smile from their constituents. The "Grangers" stood aloof, and were satisfied with a view of the illuminated show-bills that adorned the sides of churches and blacksmiths' shops. And when the tides of October came round, and the campaign ended, one of those managers who did not go down with all on board, found but a bare margin on the profit side of the cash account, and in unexstacy they exclaimed: "What have we done that such evil times should befall us? Why are we made to sip hard cider, when it was our wont to imbibe the sparkling champagne?" It was a sad sight to witness the return of the sawdust men after a weary pilgrimage to the cities, towns, and hamlets of "The teeming West," and the untilled soil of the sunny South. Men were swamped who used to return laden with the imaginary wealth of the Indies, or the impossible riches of Golconda. And Italian opera, the past Fall and the present Winter, has lost money for its managers in nearly every city where opera has been given. Why? Principally owing to the very high scale of prices, and partly to the mediocre character of the troupe and the operas presented. Even were we rolling in wealth, four dollars for a reserved seat is a trifle too exalted to suit the free American opera-goer. The drama has suffered fearfully. Companies organized for traveling were horror-stricken at the first stand they made. Where money was supposed to prevail with much lavishness, the player found naught but impecunious lovers of the drama, and bankrupt tradesfolk on their didn't stay one very long a trifle too certainty of a free dinner at home to the unproductive larder of those "to the manor born." What is the prime cause of all this devastation and ruin? Firstly, want of money. Secondly, locking up of what money some people did possess. And thirdly, a general lack of confidence in everything and in everybody. It is thought that all this will be changed during the year we have just inaugurated; that trade will be brisker; that money will be more plentiful; that the Grangers will get down the old stocking; and that strikes will not be so striking as they have been. .....New-Year's day was crisp, and cold, and as dry as the callers seemed to be. Show matinees didn't have as many callers as the managers desired, neither did the theatres present a very enthusiastic appearance at night. Free victuals and free drinks were detrimental to managerial human interests, and so the places of amusement didn't look as if it was a very happy new year with them. The Academy of Music, although offering the opera of "Aida" on the half-shell at half-shell prices, looked as thin as a living skeleton, and as sad as the corpse of the boy when the unknown female surreptitiously kissed him for his mother. "Our Jim" commenced making his calls by the morn's early light; and, though we grieve to say it, he has just returned to the office in a very unhappy frame of mind, and an unhappy frame generally. He *says* that some one poisoned him, that his beverage was drugged, that he was basely robbed, and then arrested by the police for an infraction of our city ordinance against disorder in the public streets. The truth of the matter is—"Too much beer hath made him mad." For days previous to the opening of the new year, James was wrapped in deep study; and occasionally we found him declaiming in a voice fraught with deep emotion, and anon he could be heard singing a comic song about "Silver Threads," and another bearing reference to the drying of the well, etc. Apprehensive that he might possess a revolver, and seek to destroy himself, we have just gone through him as he rests quietly after his fitful fever. Here is a poem which he seems to have studied, and afterwards recited as he progressed on the grand rounds. It gives convincing proof of the lad's infirmity:

A MORAL CALLER.

"I cannot touch the wine-cup,"
The young man firmly said,
With honest, glowing features,
And proudly-lifted head.
"Wine brings us down to sorrow,
To misery and wrong;
But, if you've any gin, ladies,
Why, I'm not fight along."

His pockets were filled with conundrums, and little bits of jokes, and lists of places of call. Among his conundrums was this: "Why is the lady which runs this shanty like a shrimp? Because she's a smaller *fair*. [Probably, *small affair*; if so, nothing more can be said for the conundrum.—ED. CLIP.] By a marginal note, we find that he made a call upon Sam. Rickey; but it does not appear that he was received with any evidences of enthusiasm; for, on entering the parlor, which was nearly filled with ladies, he gave utterance to this comical expression: "Rickey, will yer dog bite?" It transpired, from subsequent revelations, that Jim was let out, for he says, in a note:

If so sune that I was dun for,
I wunder wot I went in for, anyhow.

Equally fruitless was his seance at the house of Charlotte Cushman, that lady having only returned to the city on the 31st inst.'s day. We will let Jim's notes tell the sad story: "I rung the bel, hoom was anserd by a brite melattor. I quietly giv him a five-sent peese, and my card, as thus: 'Alfonso de Veer, of De Veer Manor, Windsor, England.' This I had previously copped from a old maggersene, wel known that Jim Smith, me Krischen name, wood hav no effex. As I exposed, I was shone into the salle de manger, where she reklined on tu a brite red sofer, wich shone off the effulgents of her ensemble, as it were. She rose at me, just as us boys used to rose at her when she urged her. Macbeth to git up like kurridge to the stickin pint. 'Cushy,' sez I, 'I wish yu a happy nu yere, and may no farewell lite shed its luster on to yure fucher career. Cushy, agane I repete, in the langwidg of a wel-noan poet, leves has thare time tu fall, and—and—sumthin to perrish in the North win's breth; but thos, Miss Cushman, has all seslns for thine oan, O deth.' Wot follered, I ne not—it mus be lost tu the world forevermore, forevermore! I barely reckleck that Cushy advanst tord me, that she lunged out her dexter morley, and that suddintly a dizzynes oretook me; that I emerged, so tu speke; and that I never saw her more. I think it was at this call that I took pison, else ware-I was I so quickly noct senseless, I shood like tu no. I seme tu hav gorn out with the old yere, and hav *stade* out." This is all that James has to say about his call upon the great tragedienne, and there we leave him.....After a free dinner, at the expense and trouble Manager Wood has been put to, we give his Museum patrons the full worth of their money, the entertainments at that house during the current week are likely to end in "Smoke."..... We announced in last week's CLIPPER that a cane had been presented to Stage-manager *Stoate* of the Theatre Comique. It is a very suitable present, because it will help Mr. *Stoate* something to *lean* upon in his old days.....While Paul Boynton the great American diver is astonishing the good people of England, Johnson the English man-fish has been secured for the Olympic Poole, and he will exhibit some of the most curious water works you ever beheld. This is not Johnson the poet-sailor, we ought to mention. Nor, when Boynton was three hundred miles from land, did he turn into an opera-singer because the officers of the ship *cast a diver* into the sea.....Ciprico, the young tragedian who is soon to fulfil an engagement in this city, ought to succeed, since he plays "Kean" actor!.....James has recovered sufficiently to remark that he would become dissipated are nearly always *dizzy-pated*." Which is too true, too true.....Somebody, who didn't go to school for nothing, once sagely remarked, as his glass of lager was snatched from his hand, "There's many a slip between the cup and the lip." In the case of Mrs. Rooney, it is to hope that there will be no split "Twixt Axe and Crown."..... James has given us full notice that he means to attend Jerome Hopkins' grand Christmas-tide concert, at Steinway Hall, on Friday evening, January 8. The lads sole desire is to help the "Orphan Fund." (Jim evidently considers the orphan with the "Orphean Fund.") But as that day will be the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, it is possible that he intends to celebrate the day with the Tammahy braves.....We trust that *Copperfield*, disguised as "Little Em'ly," will prove a *gold mine* to Manager Garnella Brothers & Palmer, and that the talking about "Little Em'ly," we take this opportunity to assure our readers that "Come into the Garden, *Maude*," was *not* written by a *Granger*.....Another of the olden-time minstrels has passed away, and is "corked-up" for the last scene of all. Poor Sam Sharpley has sung his last song, told his last gag, and thrummed upon his banjo for the last time. Quietly he passed out as the new year came in; went out with the tide of the old year—never to return, never again to amuse us with his quaint remarks, nevermore to utter those "jibes and jests which were wont to set the house upon a roar." In another part of this paper we give a sketch of the life and death of Sam Sharpley, one of the most talented comedians in the minstrel profession.....And, talking about minstrels and their jokes, reminds us of something we have just heard concerning James. It appears that on the afternoon of New Year's day, the boy, while walking out Twenty-third street, fell upon Bryant's Minstrels, and he essayed to take in the show, with the other good half of the day. Boldly rushing up to the door-keeper, he said: "Will you pass me?" "No;" ejaculated that indignant Cerberus. "Well, then," said the wily James, "you just sit still, and *I'll pass you!*" And he did.....We are making rapid strides in music. One of the freshest novelties is announced by the San Francisco Minstrels, viz., nothing nothing less than a solo on an oyster can. Next we will be having a duet on a pair of clam shells. And yet England wants to know "Who ever reads an American book?".....Tony Pastor continues to make a free distribution of *hams and which* none better can be found. Tony likewise advertises: "Ladies free on Friday evening only." Tim

CITY SUMMARY.

MISS LOUISE ANDERSON, a petite brunette, tastily attired in a neat costume, sang a few ballads with pleasing effect; Frank Jones, who skillfully performed upon a great number of musical instruments; Miss Josie Foster, who in her vocal efforts evinced the possession of a voice of much power and sweetness; and William and Maggie Ray, clever delineators of character, who performed a musical sketch entitled "The Old Man's Passing Away," comprised the new people at Tony Pastor's on Dec. 28, where the average attendance has been good. In addition to his customary distribution of sixty hams on Monday evening, Tony presented his patrons on Christmas eve with a few turkeys, and distributed one thousand toys among the juveniles who attended the matinee on Jan. 1. The pantomime of "Harlequin Jack the Giant-killer" was continued; and Larry Tooley in Dutch songs-and-dances; the Richmond Sisters, who were seen in their pleasing songs-and-dances and Fresh columns; Tony Pastor, who sang his most popular songs, which elicited hearty applause; Little John Collins, in Ethiopian songs-and-dances; and the sketches of "The Pugilistic Mick," "The Dutch Shoemaker" and "Jim Crow Alive," which gave Billy Barry, Frank Girard, J. Emerson, G. F. McDonald, Nellie Mack and Hannah Birch a chance to display their abilities, filled out the bill.

AN ACROBATIC FEAT, which it is believed has hitherto never been accomplished in the presence of an audience, was successfully performed at Niblo's Garden, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 30, by the Garnella Brothers. Little Dick, standing upon the shoulders of Robert, leaped in the air, made two complete revolutions, alighted upon his feet upon Robert's shoulders in the position he originally occupied, thus accomplishing the very difficult feat of turning a double somersault in the air. The Garnella brothers, who rank among the best acrobats now before the public, have added largely to their reputation by the successful performance of this feat. Their other performances are marvels of skill, agility and graceful ease. The other specialties introduced in "Jack and Jill" consisted of Harry Allen Jee's performances upon "The Musical Rocks," and subsequently of bellringing; evolutions on velocipedes by Mlle. Deardon's troupe; a posturing act by the Davenport Brothers; and juggling feats by the Langlois Brothers. Business has been fair. This troupe closed their season with the performances of Jan. 2.

HARPER AND STANSILL, one-legged song-and-dance men, were the sole fresh appearances at the Olympic Theatre on Dec. 28, Mr. Stansill making his metropolitan debut. Mr. Harper had hitherto been seen in this city performing single-handed (or footed). Both of these men have suffered the amputation of their right legs midway between the knee and hip joints. They use crutches, and are enabled to do eccentric dances, which elicited much laughter and applause. They sing well, and their performances evince long and arduous practice. The Victorellis continued their acrobatic feats; Alice Harrison and Josephine Adams were heard in serio-comic songs; Gus Williams gave his Dutch character songs and witticisms; and aided by Master Barney, W. Grey, E. D. Gooding, S. Holdsworth and James Vincent, performed a new musical act called "The Dutch Militia," which was grotesque and mirth-provoking. The new sketch of "Up-town and Down-town," with Barney and Rickey in the chief characters, proved successful, as did "Somebody's Coat," "Mad Whiskey," and "The New-Year's Serenade," made up the bill. Attendance good.

JOHN T. RAYMOND is to close his engagement at the Park Theatre with the present week, and the idiosyncracies of Col. Mulberry Sellers will thenceforth be depicted for the amusement of theatre-goers in neighboring cities. King Kalakaua witnessed the performances on Tuesday evening. A French opera-troupe are to be the succeeding attraction, making their American debut in "Giroflé-Giroflá."

KING KALAKAUA'S VISIT to the Hippodrome on Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 29, caused that vast edifice to be well filled. "Blue Beard" continued the chief feature, and it was followed by the customary races and "The Fete at Pekin." The season is drawing to a close.

JULIA CHAPMAN, youngest child of the late Harry Chapman, and sister to the well-known Chapman Sisters, died in the convent in Montreal, Canada, Dec. 23, of heart disease and lung fever. She was about ten years of age.

JERRY BARRINGTON arrived from Europe on Dec. 30, and opens this, Monday evening, at the Theatre Comique.

COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN, dramatic agent, 9 West Fourth street, advertises that Cora Adriana, premiere danseuse; D. Oakley, first old men and heavies; Griffith Morgan, scenic artist; and Harry Sefton, "the dancing spider," can be engaged through his agency.

THE PRICES OF ADMISSION at Barnum's Hippodrome are to be reduced, commencing this week, as follows: Family circle, 30 cents; chairs in orchestra, 50 cents; reserved chairs opposite the grand stand, $1; children half-price to each department. "Blue Beard" and "The Fete at Pekin" were withdrawn after Jan. 2, and the performances will consist of the usual variety of races. The season is announced to close shortly.

A FEMALE-MINSTREL SCENE is to be given at Tony Pastor's this week, and the fresh appearances will include Katie Howard, Kitty Whitland, Annie Yeamans, Lillie Raymond, Julia Nagle, Louisa Anderson, Blanche Selwyn, La Belle Gabrielle, Billy Emmett and James Clarke.

ALTHOUGH there were no fresh appearances at the Theatre Comique during the expired week, a very enjoyable performance was given. "The Mulligan Guards," by Harrigan and Hart, was presented for the last times this season, and those popular performers were also seen in their sketch of "Ireland vs. Italy," which was given for the first times this season. The programme also included James Bradley in songs-and-dances; John Wild and Wm. Gaylord in their burlesque trapeze business; songs by Little Alice Bennett; Diamond and Ryan in their Irish specialties; "The Skidmores;" Kitty O'Neil's character dances; songs and banjo solos by William Carter; John Williams in Lancashire songs and clogdances; and the sketches of "A Good Night's-rest," "Born to Good Luck," and "Santa Claus, or Poverty's Holiday," introducing, among others, Charles White, John Wild, J. A. Graver, D. H. Kelly, J. F. Crossen, Marie Gorenflo, Kitty Tilstone, and Polly Booth. The attendance averaged good.

STANDING-ROOM ONLY was the announcement displayed nightly in front of the Union-square Theatre during the past week. "The Two Orphans" has made a decided hit. It is very evenly acted; the costumes are elegant and appropriate, and the scenery is a marvel of distemper painting. Considerable time has been gained in the representation, and the final curtain now falls at a quarter past eleven o'clock.

THE GRAND OPERA-HOUSE closed with the performances of Jan. 2. No changes were made in "The Black Crook," which continued the attraction, and the attendance was light. At the two closing performances the ballet girls received a benefit, each one being presented with one half of the amount of money she received by individually selling tickets.

E. T. STETSON, Miss Marian Sommers, Miss Nettie Florence, McCullough, and McGarvey and W. H. Tila constituted the additions to the company at the Globe Theatre on Dec. 28. E. T. Stetson and Miss Marian Sommers acted the chief characters in the well-known drama of "Neck and Neck," which closed the performances. In the previous variety-olio Miss Nettie Florence evinced the possession of good vocal abilities; McCullough and McGarvey in their Irish songs-and-dances displayed considerable skill in dancing, and their dialect and singing were as good as the average; and W. H. Tila sang with good effect "The Pilgrim of Love" and "You'll Remember Me." The other acts included the specialties of the Grinnell Children, Jennie Hughes, and Ned Fox and William Devere in the sketch called "Fox's Return from St. Domingo." Attendance light.

BRYANT'S MINSTRELS have been doing a good average business. The new Christmas sketch entitled "Santa Claus" proved quite amusing. "A Night in Boston" is capital. The changes in the programme were "Kitty Magee," sung by J. J. Kelly, and "Bonny Jean," by W. Raymond, in the first part; and "Riding in a Street-car," a song-and-dance by Hogan and Emerson; "Toofling with the Wrong Man," "Glycerine Oil," "The Pet Elephant," and W. Henry Rice's Mania in the olio.

HORACE FRANCIS, an infant son of Manager John F. Poole of the Olympic Theatre, died in Brooklyn, L. I., Dec. 29, at the age of one year and one month. The funeral took place from the residence of his parents on Dec. 30.

BIRCH, ARMOLD & BACKUS' San Francisco Minstrels continue to do a fair business at their new opera-house. Since our last report the following changes have occurred in their programme: Eugene Tremaine sang "Creep Close to My Heart, Little Darling;" D. S. Wambold, "Don't Go, Mollie Darling;" Billy Birch, "Dan Mcenerie;" and Carl Rudolph, "Sweet Genevieve." In the olio, Ricardo appeared as the Black Nightingale; Macklin and Wilson gave a song-and-dance entitled "Betsey and I Are Out;" Arthur Bent a cornet solo; and the sketches of "The Sewing-machine Girl" and "New-Year's Callers" were revived.

AT WOOD'S MUSEUM, at the evening, and Wednesday and Saturday matinee performances, "After Dark" formed the attraction since our last issue. The chief characters, which were effectively performed, were distributed as follows: Old Tom, Louis Aldrich; Gordon Chumley, G. H. Connor; Dicky Monday, Frederick Maddern; Orlando Bellingham, M. F. Leffingwell; and Eliza, Miss Sophie Miles. At the other matinees "Miriam's Crime" and "The Forty Thieves" constituted the bill. An extra performance was given on New-Year's-Day at 11 o'clock A.M., and at the evening performances "The Forty Thieves" was the attraction, the programme being completed by a reminder of the week. This week W. T. Melville is to act in McCloskey's drama of "Smoke," and at the matinees "The Factory Girl" and "Sam the Grocer's Boy" will be given.

E. D. COLVIN, manager of Montgomery Queen's Circus, has returned from California for the purpose of obtaining new animals to add to the menagerie. He leaves for California in about a week. He has already secured a giraffe, which will be the first animal of that species ever exhibited upon the Pacific coast.

THERE WAS QUITE A GATHERING of circus people at the St. Charles Hotel on New-Year's Night. Among the lads were us that saw Mike Lipman, Mitch. A. Henderson, Girard, Pa.; Burr Robbins, Janesville, Wis.; and John O'Brien, Philadelphia; the veteran agent C. H. Castle of Syracuse; Fred Lawrence, press agent of Forepaugh's Circus; E. D. Colvin, manager for Montgomery Queen; J. A. Forepaugh and M. M. Kelch of Philadelphia; and Giles Pullman of Buffalo.

GEORGE M. CIPRICO is to commence an engagement at Wood's Museum, Jan. 11, presenting his new play of "Edmund Kean the Actor."

E. L. DAVENPORT is to reappear at Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre, Jan. 11, acting Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice," and it is announced that "it will be acted for the first time in this country as a comedy-drama, as Shakespeare wrote it, and not as a tragedy," as stars endeavor to make it. It is asserted that "up to the time of the elder Kean, Shylock was always represented ix a red wig, and no tragical notion was ever connected with the part." "A Bridal Tour" is also in preparation, and Mr. Daly has in his new theatre a company, and a new French drama full of novel scenic effects.

THE MATINEES given on New-Year's were not largely attended. At most of the theatres at night the attendance was large in the upper portions of the auditorium, but there were plenty of vacant seats below.

"LITTLE EM'LY," Andrew Halliday's dramatization of "David Copperfield," was produced at Booth's Theatre on Dec. 28, and has since attracted an excellent attendance. Among the freshly painted scenery, the Ark, and the Cathedral, by night, deserve especial commendation; they elicited much approbation from the audiences. Wm. Voegtlin and Richard Marston were the artists. Geo. Fawcett Rowe had hitherto been seen in the character of Wilkins Micawber in a brief sketch performed at the Theatre Comique, and Scott-Siddons had had better scope to elaborate his conception thereof. His embodiment of the character was highly amusing, and elicited no little laughter; yet it was not the Micawber portrayed by Dickens. It was lacking in grandiloquence and pomposity of manner. In reading the dialogue, he divided it into short sentences, and the brief sentences, rather than deliver them intact, with the rising reflection until the climax was reached. F. B. Warde gave an excellent impersonation of Dan'l. Peggotty, and concealed his personal identity beneath an admirable make-up and assumed manners. Kitty Blanchard proved a worthy Em'ly, and the unscientious acting of Ham. Claude Burroughs of the Union-square Theatre, who had been borrowed, if we may use the expression, for the occasion, gave a quiet and natural portraiture of David Copperfield. Charles Rockwell was well adapted to the character of Uriah Heep, and Mrs. Gladdon, as Mrs. Gummidge, a marked feature of Traddles, his make-up being very eccentric and his acting correct. S. Edwin was effective as Mr. Wickfield. Charles Leclercq departed from usual custom in wearing a red wig as Uriah Heep, which he acted with no little skill. Miss Mary Wells made a pronounced success as Betsy Trotwood, her conception, make-up and acting being deserving of the highest praise. Miss Helen Tracy displayed all the bitter malignity required of Rose Dartle, and the remainder of the cast was quite satisfactory. Miss Maude Granger being seen as Dade Em'ly, Louise Henderson as the Angel Child," Augusta Raymond as Peggotty Barkis, Estelle Mortimer as Mrs. Gummidge, Laura Phillips (her first appearance here) as Martha, and Emma Grattan as Mrs. Micawber. No immediate change is announced.

THE INJUNCTION obtained by the managers of the dramatic theatres in this city, prohibiting the proper authorities from collecting an annual license fee, because the money received therefor was paid to the Society for Juvenile Delinquents, has been dissolved, the Judge holding that the law is constitutional, and that the disposition of the money was simply in the nature of voluntary contributions.

MISS CARLOTTA LECLERCQ made her first appearance at the Fifth-avenue Theatre on Dec. 28, acting in a natural and effective manner Galatea in Gilbert's comedy of "Pygmalion and Galatea," which was then produced for the first time at this theatre. But one one-act play constituting Pygmalion's studio was used during the three acts. D. H. Harkins made an excellent Pygmalion, George Devere an effective Leucippe, James Lewis an amusing Chrysos, Miss Nellie Mortimer a jealous Daphne, Annie Graham a pleasing Cynisca, and Nina Varian a sympathetic Myrine, while James Peakes as Agesimous and J. W. Jennings as Mimos were quite satisfactory. The comedy ran during the week to fair business, and was given at an extra matinee on Jan. 1. This week "The Palace of Truth" will be presented.

DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES are to be resumed at the Lyceum on Jan. 4, when Mrs. Rousby is to make her American debut, acting the chief character in "Twixt Axe and Crown." The company will include George H. Clarke, George B. Waldron, Edwards, James Dunn, James Stark, W. A. Sands, Frank Beresford, E. D. Ralton, Vining Bowers, E. S. Tarr, E. J. Mack, Miss Kate Meek, Mrs. Isabella Waldron, Mrs. Denvil and Miss Annie Mack.

MANAGER JOSH HART of the Theatre Comique evinced not only great enterprise, but thoughtful care for the comfort of his patrons, when he removed all the cane-seat chairs from the orchestra of his theatre after the performance on Saturday evening, Jan. 2, and replaced them ere this (Monday) morning with comfortable folding open-chairs. He offers his patrons for the present week a very strong array of talent in his performances, including Harry Sefton, Ernest and Gerard Byne, Miss Ella Wesner, the Coleman Sisters, Mlle. Realta, Mlle. Therese St. John, Ben Dodge, Carroll and Harris, J. W. McAndrews, James Collins, Martha Wren, Jerry Barrington, and Gilmore and Smith.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, the Strakosch Italian Opera Troupe gave a short season of opera during the past week, presenting "Lohengrin" on Monday, Dec. 28, with Mlle. Albani as Elsa, and the cast the same as on a former occasion; "Don Giovanni" on Wednesday, with Mlle. Albani as Zerlina; and "Aida" on Friday, the closing representation, Mlle. Marcsi appearing for the first time in New York as Aida. .....Miss Lina Mayr appeared in Strauss' operabouffe of "Der Fledermaus," at the Stadt Theatre, on Monday, and as Helene in "La Belle Helene" during the remainder of the week.....At the Church of the Holy Trinity, one of the series of organ concerts was given on the Wednesday evening. Miss Losee of Brooklyn and S. P. Warren being the organists on the occasion, with Miss M. E. Hall, soprano, as the vocalist. .....Old Trinity and Grace Church chimes welcomed the advent of the New Year, the former being performed on by Mr. Aylliffe, the latter by Mr. Sands, who has a new programme for the musical programme for 1875.....A vocal and instrumental concert was given by the pupils and orchestra of the Grand Conservatory of Music at Steinway Hall on Jan. 2, and the fifth popular concert took place at Association Hall, with Miss Hellbron as pianist; Mme. Dowland, soprano; Mr. Bischoff, tenor; Mr. Ellison, organist; and Sig. Agramonte, conductor. .....The season of French opera is announced at the Park Theatre, under the management of Mr. Stuart, in conjunction with Messrs. Grau and Chizzola, to commence Jan. 11. The opening opera will be Bazin's opera-comique "Le Voyage en Chine," and the season will introduce us to Mlle. Geoffroy, Mons. De Queylard, a number of other new voices, together with the former popular members of the Aimee Troupe who performed at the Lyceum Theatre during the present season—Mlles. Minelly and Gandon, and MM. De Beer and Duplan. Lecocq's operabouffe "Giroflé-Giroflá" is announced to be shortly produced.

WILLIAM E. SINN, from Baltimore, was in town on Dec. 31, on a flying visit.

"MADAME L'ARCHIDUC," Offenbach's new opera-bouffe, which was presented for the first time on Tuesday, Dec. 29, as rendered by the Soldene Troupe at the Lyceum Theatre, cannot lay claim, musically speaking, to much commendation for the form in which it was presented on this occasion, and it was made only too apparent that there was the want of a correct musical adaptation. Enough is shown, however, to make it evident that the opera is written in the true Offenbachian style, and is strongly reminiscent of old favorites. That there are light, sparkling, taking melodies in it, well suited to the popular ear, is demonstrated; but we should pr

PROF. MULDER-FABBRI, as he was known in musical circles, but in private life Richard Mulder, died in San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 21, at the age of fifty-two years, having been born in Amsterdam, Holland, in 1822. He was an ardent lover of music, and was a teacher of repute, as well as an excellent baritone vocalist. He married Mme. Inez Fabbri, a celebrated prima donna, in Chili, Nov. 6, 1856. He located in San Francisco some two years ago, and had since been prominently identified with the musical interests of that city.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Brooklyn, L. I., was well filled on Dec. 29 to hear Heilbron, Cary, Carpi, Tagliapietra, Scolara and others of Strakosch Italian Opera Company in "Il Trovatore," at reduced prices. Max Strakosch's ears are again "on the rise" on the advent of Mlle. Emma Albani, who will appear in Bellini's "Sonnambula" Jan. 5.....Blind Tom gave an entertainment at the Athenæum, Dec. 31.

THE KELLOGG ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY began a series of performances at the Grand Opera-house, Baltimore, Md., on Dec. 28, when "Il Trovatore" was given, with Miss Kellogg, Mrs. Seguin, and Mr. Maas in the cast. On Tuesday, 29, Mrs. Van Zandt sang in "Maritana," on which occasion Mr. Castle made his first appearance there in two years. Owing to the illness of Mr. Maas, there was a slight change made in the programme of the week on Wednesday and Thursday nights. "The Marriage of Figaro" was given 30, and "Lucia di Lammermoor" 31, with Miss Kellogg in both operas; Jan. 1, "The Bohemian Girl," with Mrs. Van Zandt as Arline. Matinee 2, "Fra Diavolo," and at night "Don Giovanni." The troupe remain there another week.

MADAME PAULINE WEILLER, favorably known in Baltimore as a pianiste of fame, died in that city on Dec. 28. Madame Weiller was a sister of Mrs. J. H. Rosewald, the well-known soprano, and enjoyed a local as well as a foreign reputation as an artiste of merit. Deceased possessed many virtues and kindly traits, and profound is the grief and sorrow which her early and unexpected death has caused in her social circle.

JOHN HICKS, Elastic player and violinist, whose address is care of this office, wants an engagement.

PROF. J. N. GOODALL, solo violinist, pianist, and organist, advertises for an engagement to travel South.

B. C. BENT, cornet soloist, of both Dodworth's and Downing's Bands, is open for engagement for either single concerts or a permanent position. See card.

AIMEE gave performances at Detroit, Mich., Opera-house Dec. 28, 29, 30, opening to a large house in "Madame Angot," followed by "Grand Duchess" and "Perichole." The best of satisfaction was given, the chorus and orchestra, under Mr. Rosenquest, being excellent. Aimee made a hit in Operti's song of "Sweet the Angelus was Ringing." The Helmans returned on Dec. 31, opening to a fair house in "Sonnambula." They closed their season Jan. 2.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Our Peoria, Ill., correspondent says: "As a star in the previous season, the Hallett Sisters' Comedy Company had disbanded for the present on account of the serious illness of Miss Belle, and it is now our painful duty to record her sudden demise, which occurred at Knoxville, Ill., on Dec. 28. During their short tour the gifted sisters formed hosts of friends, who will learn with the deepest regret of this sad termination of the brilliant career upon which the deceased had entered."

THE STRAKOSCH OCERA COMPANY, or at least a portion of it, sang "Il Trovatore" at Tweddle Hall, Albany, N. Y., Jan. 2. The attendance was very good, and the opera well rendered, Signor Carlo Cargi, who sang the role of Manrico, being especially good. He was honored by two calls before the curtain.

OLE ALLERUP, leader of orchestra, advertises that he will compose ballads and songs-and-dances to order.

MRS. ELIZABETH BROUGH, the widow of the late William F. Brough, a popular baritone vocalist, and for many years during the latter portion of his life business-manager of prominent dramatic stars, died at her residence in Brooklyn, L. I., Jan. 2, at the age of 74 years and 29 days. Her funeral is to take place from the Church of the Holy Trinity, Jan. 5, at 12 o'clock M.

MRS. ASA HUTCHINSON, one of the well-known Hutchinson Family, who gave popular concerts some years ago, died of apoplexy recently, at Rushford, Minn. Her remains were removed to Minneapolis for interment.

JOSEPH NOBLES, leader of orchestra, whose address find elsewhere, wants an engagement.

A CONCERT of more than ordinary excellence was given on Dec. 30 at Library Hall, Orange, N. J., by Mrs. Annie Mixsell—a lady whose capabilities as an artist are well known in musical circles—assisted by Sig. Albites, director; Mr. Frlechsch, tenor; Sig. Arevalli, baritone; Sig. Morosini, pianist; Miss Demike, soprano—a young lady who on this occasion made a successful debut in the musical world, and evinced the possession of a most admirably-educated voice of great purity and power; and a finely organized chorus of male voices under the conductorship of Mr. J. A. Jacobson. The programme embraced selections from the most eminent composers, including Wagner, Liszt, Verdi, Bellini, Mendelssohn, Rossini, etc., and received a most careful and artistic interpretation.

THE repetition of "The Bohemian Girl" by amateurs at Pike's Opera-house, Cincinnati, Dec. 29, was another immense success, the house being crowded in every part.

THEODORE THOMAS' fourth and last symphony concert at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, will be given January 8, when Charles H. Jarvis and Franz Remmertz will appear as soloists.

MISS EMILY SOLDENE and her English Opera-bouffe Company will appear at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, during the week ending Jan. 9, in Offenbach's latest opera, "Madame l'Archiduc."

THE KELLOGG English Opera Company will commence a fortnight season at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the 11th inst., their repertoire for the first week consisting of "Il Trovatore," "Maritana," "Martha," "Ernani," "Mignon," "Fra Diavolo" and "Don Giovanni."

JOHN JORDAN, leader of orchestra, whose address find elsewhere, wants an engagement with a variety company.

A. E. VOSS, leader of orchestra and brass band, advertises that he can be engaged.

ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS' Italian Opera Company are to perform at Richmond, Va., Jan. 7, 8.

THE ALBANI CONCERT, advertised to be given at Washington, D. C., Jan. 4, is declared off. No reasons given.

THE CAROLINE RICHINGS-BERNARD CONCERT TROUPE is advertised to appear in Washington, D. C., Jan. 5, 6, 7.

THE CAMILLA URSO CONCERT COMPANY give performances at Iowa City, Ia., Jan. 4, Grinnell 5, Davenport 6, Canton, Ill., 7, and Sterling 8.

REDPATH'S ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY, which has been performing in New York State during the past week, gave an entertainment at Roxbury, Mass., Jan. 6, and at other towns around Boston during the rest of the week.

WHILE THE PEAK FAMILY, bellringers, were performing at Bellevue, Ia., Dec. 28, a side gallery in the hall, which was filled with boys, gave way, and fell to the lower floor, a distance of some ten feet, seriously injuring several persons.

PROF. CLARKE SIDMAN, pianist, and Miss Ardelle C. Taylor, a musician of ability, were married at Oil City, Pa., Dec. 28.

CONCERTS were given at Fort Wayne, Ind., to large and enthusiastic audiences Dec. 25, 26, 27, 28, by the Prussian Pioneer Band, under the management of Mr. Auerbach. Route from there: Richmond 31, Jan. 1, 2, Indianapolis 3, 4, Terre Haute 5, 6, 7, Louisville, Ky., 8, 9, Vincennes, Ind., 10, 11, St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 12, to continue one week. Prof. Wiffenbach, the snare-drum and trick drummer, is one of the chief attractions.

THE CAROLINE RICHINGS-BERNARD CONCERT COMPANY is to sing in Bridgeport, Ct., Jan. 12, 13.

J. G. BATES, b-flat cornet player, advertises for an engagement.

A B-FLAT CORNET and trombone player advertises for an engagement with a circus band.

BARRY CARTER advertises that she will send on receipt of price "She's Just too Sweet to Live," a new song-and-dance, and "Sweet Little Flower of Old Erin," a song and chorus.

VARIETY HALLS.

THE MISSES ADA FREEMAN, Annie Arnett, Lulu Mortimer, Lillie Raymond, and Mlle. Victoria and Charles Little Giant, Tommy Adams, Thomas Grainger, Smith and Waldron, O'Regan, Farrell and Ryan, J. A. Kelly and Billy Smith were performing at the Odeon, Paterson, N. J., during the past week.

HAWLEY AND PHILLIPS, song-and-dance men and negro comedians, received a benefit at the new Opera-house, Hart's Falls, N. Y., Dec. 25, and the performances given on that occasion are to be repeated Jan. 4.

SAMUEL BROWN, the father of the Claire Sisters—Kate and Annie—died suddenly at his late residence, 147 Laurel street, Philadelphia, Pa., on Dec. 24, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. He had been declining in health for the past four years, and his daughters have largely contributed to his support. We trust they may have the sympathy of their many friends in this sad hour of affliction.

In Memoriam.
Friend after friend departs—
Who has not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end.
ELLA SHELDON.
Tooker's Varieties, Norfolk, Va.

FIRST-CLASS SPECIALITIES desiring engagements at Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, are referred to the proprietor's card in our business department.

THE ADELPHI THEATRE, Peoria, Ill., was opened Dec. 22 under the proprietorship of Charles Farrington, with J. S. Wulf as manager and the following company: The Misses Mabel Gray, Ada Corey and Sparks, Messrs. H. Rushby, Wm. Sparks, B. Maloney, Joe Moll and S. Stevenson. Miss Norah Ryan was to have appeared Dec. 28.

WARD'S OPERA-HOUSE, East Saginaw, Mich., opened Dec. 21 with Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Blake, John De Angelis, T. J. De Angelis, Millie La Fount, Sallie Mason, Nellie Heywood, Glenn and Williams and Sallie De Angelis. After running one week with a loss of two hundred dollars or more, the place closed, not to be opened until Spring. The musicians (Engle's orchestra) are about town in search of Welch (not "Tom Collins"), as they got "left" without any ducats. The company were good enough, but failed to draw. So our correspondent says.

CHAS. L. BANKS, endman, comedian, etc., now performing at the Gaiety Theatre, New Orleans, La., has received from the press of that city a number of complimentary notices, which are published in his card elsewhere.

O'REGAN, "musical moke," is performing at Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, and can be addressed as per card.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Washington, D. C., did an immense business during the past week. At the two performances on New-Year's Day over 4,000 tickets of admission were sold. Fanny Herring appeared during the week in "Jack Sheppard," and "The French Spy." The newcomers Dec. 28 were Adelaide Miller, Kitty Smith, and Jessie Howard. Miss Miller possesses beauty of face and form and a modest demeanor, dresses richly and with taste, but does not excel as a vocalist. Kitty Smith is an agile and a graceful dancer. A reconstructed version of the Cancan, entitled "Parisian Coquettes," concluded the performances. Miss Herring closed Jan. 2, going to Jersey City Opera-house. The announcements for Jan. 4 are Minnie Grey, Fanny Davenport, D. H. Walling and H. E. Western.....The Metropolitan Varieties remains closed, and will continue so, probably, until February, when it will be reopened under a new management. Advices of Jan. 3.

MARIE ZOE in "The French Spy" failed to draw very large houses at Ward's Opera-house, Fall River, Mass., the past week. "The Broken Sword" was given Dec. 31. "The Wizard Skiff" is to be produced Jan. 4. Departures 2: Harry Mack, to Portland; Harry Hurdle, to St. Johns, N. B.; Fred and Annie McAvoy, to Boston. Coming 4: the Haley Bros., song-and-dance; Fred and Emily Siegle, dancers; and Thomas and Lottie Winnett.....The Novelties has been doing a fair business. The only new faces were Emma Devere, Rose Melnotte, and Sallie Eldridge, all of whom were fully up to the average in their specialties. A portion of the company gave a performance in Warren, R. I., Jan. 2. Announced for 4: Joe Mack, comedian; and Agnes May, serio-comic. Advices of Jan. 2.

THE NEW FACES at the Odeon, Baltimore, on Dec. 28 were Maud Davenport, serio-comic vocalist; Dody Zanfretta, danseuse; and Sam Collyer, all of whom deserve favorable notice. Little Lotta and Sam Collyer, owing to some misunderstanding with the proprietor, closed their engagements respectively on the 28th and 29th. The bill given this week was only a fair one, but better ones are promised in the future. No departure on Jan. 2. Underlined for Jan. 4, the Carter Bros., Zouave drill, and Harry and Maggie Le Claire.

Miss MINNIE LODER, Miss Maggie Weaner, Mlle. Zephy, and Mons. Florentine were the new arrivals at Martin's Theatre Comique, Pittsburg, Pa., on Dec. 28. Miss Loder received a cordial greeting from her Pittsburg friends, and her songs evoked generous and deserved applause. Miss Weaner has a very finely developed figure, and her dancing is creditable. Mlle. Zephy is young and pretty, and as a vocalist and song-and-dance artist possesses fair abilities. The slack-wire performance of Mons. Florentine is very clever, and elicits the approbation of the audience. The minstrel scene has been withdrawn, and the show now opens with a good act called "The Slippery Day," Mr. Eugene Gorman sustaining the leading role. The cancan still continues the attractive feature.....J. H. Jefferson, banjoist and comedian; Frank Harrington, Dutch comedian; and Miss Annie Harrison, danseuse, reinforced the company at Trimble's Varieties Theatre on Dec. 28. Denier's Pantomime Troupe appear in "Old Dame Trot," with John Denier as Clown, Matt McCormick as Pantaloon, Miss Maggie Denier as Harlequin, and Miss Lucy Clifton as Columbine. A new and enjoyable olio is presented, prior to the production of the pantomime. The Waite Sisters, Miss Kitty Rowell, Miss Jennie Miaco, Miss Fannie Knight, Miaco and Hindes, and Will H. Vane are billed for Jan. 4. Advices of Jan. 1.

FEMALE TALENT is wanted at the Alhambra Varieties, Brooklyn, N. Y. See card.

LING-LOOK and Yamadiva, magician and contortionist, can be engaged through their agents, Chas. Seymour & Co., whose address find elsewhere.

AT THE NATIONAL THEATRE COMIQUE, Cincinnati, writes our correspondent, dating Dec. 1, "the new appearances last Monday were the Victorellis—Henry, Oscar and little Victor—who are excellent gymnasts and trapeze artists; and Annie Braddon, a very clever change artist. The programme, besides their acts, has embraced the comic negro specialties of John McVeigh, Clara Belmont's vocalisms, the Zig-Zags in a characteristic act called the 'Four Lunatics,' which was extremely laughable; Mlle. Lea in a graceful song-and-dance, 'Waiting in the Twilight'; John Peasly as 'Nicodemus Johnson; a brace of farces, named respectively 'The Coming Woman' and 'A Hot Box;' and the trick pantomime of 'Old Daddy Santa Claus,' in which the Zig-Zags, J. W. Wesley, Addie Johnson and Laura Bernard personated the principal characters. The attendance was very good all the week, and to-day the theatre has been twice literally packed. The closures to-morrow are to be the Zig-Zags, for Toledo; Peasley and Mlle. Leah, for Buffalo; and Clara Bernard, who opens in Detroit on the 11th. The new people next week are to be Julian Kent, Frank Frayne, Clara Butler, Nat Haynes, Melodeon Kent, Gormah and Romer, and the Lillian Sisters. J. W. Berkley resigns the stage-management, but will still remain with the company. Julian Kent is to succeed him on the stage."

CHARLEY SHAY'S QUINCEPLEXAL TROUPE gave two performances at Rand's Hall, Troy, N. Y., Dec. 30, to slim houses. Angie Schott's Troupe is announced to open there Jan. 4.

JERRY COHAN, Irish comedian and specialty artist, whose address find elsewhere, can be engaged.

AT THE GRAND CENTRAL, Philadelphia, the excellent entertainment offered attracted large audiences last week. Gilday and Ginevra were the new appearances, and their clever songs-and-dances were remarkably well received. Mlle. De Ross, a most accomplished danseuse, and a numerous corps of pretty and well-trained coryphees, appear to much advantage in the ballet of "The Racing Jockeys." Sandford Dellara on, the Misses Jessie Coad Jan 9, Delchanty and Hengler, Little Ardine, Miss Susie Winner, and Crossley and Elder commence Jan. 4, when will be produced the drama of "The Dark Face, or Two Parts White."

AT THE ADELPHI, Philadelphia, an improvement has been made in the entertainment presented, thanks to the efforts of John R. Lane, the new manager. Miss Lou Edwards and Mlle. Flora Leonetta were the new faces on the 28th ult. Lou Edwards' remarkably strong, ringing voice was heard to advantage in her ballad of "The Magic Circle." Mlle. Flora Leonetta's dancing and rendition of the title-role in the concluding dances of "The Newsboy" were alike deserving of praise. Mollie Mayfield closed Jan. 2. Chas. T. Ellis, Anita Pearl, Brace Brothers, G. H. Wood, Clifton Sisters, and Mulligan and Steel commence Jan. 4.

BILLY EMMETT, Ethiopian comedian of Gilmore's Varieties, Philadelphia, was married in that city Dec. 30 to Miss Katie Howard, serio-comic vocalist, also connected with that establishment.

AT GILMORE'S VARIETIES, Philadelphia, the attendance was large last week, the new arrivals on the 28th ult. being Wilson and McGehee, the Nelcot Brothers, Signor Wenzel, W. B. Cavanagh and W. Horace Bell. The sketch of "Taking the Pledge" favorably introduced R. Wilson and A. McKeever. The Nelcott Brothers demonstrated their gymnastic ability in a trapeze act. Signor Wenzel's "Punch and Judy," and the clever comic vocalisms of W. Horace Bent called forth loud laughter and applause. W. B. Cavanagh appeared in his local drama of "The Mad Poet," his humorous personation of the titular role securing deserved appreciation. Billy Emmett, Katie Howard, Barry Carter, Wilson and McKeever, and Master Lew closed here Jan. 2. Miss Lottie Brown, John Bowman, James Welsh and Maude Le Moyne, and the Ainsleys are announced for this week.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Providence, R. I., business was not quite up to the average the past week. The new people Dec. 28 were the Foy Sisters, who made a hit; Sanford and Wingfield, two excellent gymnasts; Manchester and Jennings, favorite song-and-dance artists; Fannie Morrell and Mamie De Lisle, two tolerable singers; and the old-time favorite Fattie Stewart. Barney McNulty closed Jan. 2, and will take a rest for the present; and the Cawthorne Children, who open in Worcester, Mass., Jan. 4. Advices of Jan. 3.

SIG. RUSSELL, conjuror, and Victor Vifiello, contortionist, advertise for engagements.

MISS NELLIE EDWARDS, serio-comic vocalist, and Add Ringler, Ethiopian comedian, were the new faces at the Theatre Comique, Quincy, Ill., on Dec. 28, met with an accident which came very near proving fatal. While performing their feats upon the horizontal bar, Mr. Dunbar attempted to turn a double somersault from the bar; but in making the second revolution his feet struck the bar, and he landed on the stage, striking squarely upon his neck and head. It was a wonder that his neck was not broken. He was removed to his hotel and placed under medical care. All fears of a fatal result are dissipated, and he will probably resume his performances in a week or two.

TONY PASTOR'S Traveling Combination, which is to start on a tour March 29, will include the Garnellas, who have just accomplished the wonderful feat of turning a double somersault from shoulders to shoulders.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Toledo, O., the new additions, Dec. 28, were Harry Monroe and Grace Harris. Harry Monroe in eccentric character songs is very fine. Miss Harris has an excellent voice. The St. Felix Combination open in Providence Jan. 4. The Zig-Zags open here same date. The Nunn Brothers, who have composed the orchestra at the Comique since its opening, close their long engagement on Jan. 9, and go to Dallas, Texas, in the same capacity. Mrs. Nunn accompanies her four sons. Letter of Jan. 2.

THE ADELPHI VARIETIES, Peoria, Ill., has been doing a good business during the past week. The following new people are to appear Jan. 4: Joe Taylor, banjo specialities; Mrs. Jos. Taylor, guitarist and serio-comic; Little Willie Taylor, change artist; Miss Dottie Dimple, song-and-dance; Gus Du Bois, motto songs; Billy Wylie, song-and dance. Departures Jan. 2: Wm. Sparks and Miss Nora Ryan, to Kinkaid, Ill.; Ida Corey, to Quincy, Ill.

ANGIE SCHOTT'S COMBINATION, which was billed to appear at Martin's Hall, Albany, N. Y., Jan. 2, failed to connect. Cause unknown.

THE CANCAN FEVER rages in Chicago, Ill. The Rentz party are no sooner safely squared before the wind, than the Halsted-street Opera-house, than there appears the sail of a new party of Parisian cancan dancers, under management of Sig. Novissimo, and they opened Jan. 1 at the Burlington Opera-house. It used to be Burlington Hall before honored by the presence of this troupe. The Rentz and Delacour party have been taking a great many shekels, and there is good prospect for them to remain. No change has been announced in their programme as yet, but new faces and new features are promised. The boys seem to think the show pretty well, however, though the new party may prove a healthy rival. Letter of Jan. 2.

SHELBY'S TERRACE THEATRE, Buffalo, N. Y., closed during the past week, to reopen in the Spring. Meanwhile the enterprising proprietor, Mr. Dan Shelby, will put it under thorough repair, and many comforts for its patrons will be introduced. During the past week at Mr. Shelby's up-town theatre, the Adelphi, has been a good one, financially and otherwise. The attractions of the stock were the Waite Sisters and Miss Jennie Engle. The Waite Sisters are good in their specialties. The Milton Jaspers were also good. Miss Engle takes a front rank in the serio-comics. For Jan. 4, the announcements are Carrie and Charles Austin, and the Henri Family, three in number, Harry Watson and Lizzie Sherman, Griffin and Rice, Jennie Engle, Worley, Mills, and Kennedy. So writes our correspondent under date of Jan. 2.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Detroit, Mich., Dec. 28, "The Great" Curry was the only new face. He proved himself a big card as a trapezist; using a stationary double trapeze, executing the usual acts; but alternating from one bar to the other, and closing the act by turning a somersault from one bar and then by and before catching the other with his hands. Ed. Monta was excellent as Pongo the spe. Lou Sanford, the Lavarnies, Mlle. Garetta, and others filled out a good programme. Boss Nick Norton had a Christmas present of a box of genuine Havana cigars from Tony Pastor's company. The Spring season will open Feb. 8, the initial performance being given at the Opera-house. Closing to-night are Ed. Monta, Mlle. Garetta, for Boston; Gorman and Romer, for Cincinnati; Cincinnatus, for Dayton; Lou Sanford, for Washington; Frank and Carrie Lavarnie, to Joseph Wood's "Variety" company. Coming Jan. 4: the Faust Family, three in number, Kate Montrose, Charles and Minnie Seaman, Paddy Murphy, Mlle. Zittella, the D'Angelis Troupe, Millie Lafont..... At the Adelphi, "The Black Crook" has shown forth in all its gorgeousness, the scenic effects being especially fine. Jennie Engle was the only new specialty, and was, as of old, luminous in the Ethiopian act of "Slim Jim." Jan. 2 we lose F. Levantine and the Barlow Brothers, for Newark, N. J.; Harry Brown, for Ypsilanti; Ada Carlysle, for Dayton, O. The following open Jan. 4: the Lyster Family, three in number, Lulu Francis, Billy Landis, Marie Jasper, and Bijou Heron. Is on the road to success, contrary to expectations. Advices of Jan. 2.

GEORGE HUMPHREY, the proprietor of the Canterbury Varieties, Buffalo, N. Y., was presented on Christmas-eve, by Prof. T. J. Oldfield, with a handsome silver wine-castor, with bottles of Bohemian glass. On New-Year's Eve the company assembled upon the stage and, calling for Mr. Humphrey, presented him, through Harry Cliffert, the stage-manager, with a handsome gold-headed cane, and subsequently the company partook of a wine supper at the invitation of the manager.

MR. DUNBAR of Dunbar and Montana, while performing at the Theatre Comique, Quincy, Ill., on Dec. 28, met with an accident which came very near proving fatal. While performing their feats upon the horizontal bar, Mr. Dunbar attempted to turn a double somersault from the bar; but in making the second revolution his feet struck the bar, and he landed on the stage, striking squarely upon his neck and head. It was a wonder that his neck was not broken. He was removed to his hotel and placed under medical care. All fears of a fatal result are dissipated, and he will probably resume his performances in a week or two.

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE COMIQUE, Harrisburg, Pa., which closed on Saturday evening, Dec. 26, for a short time, reopened on Dec. 31, with all the old favorites. In the minstrel scene, James Porter and S. S. Purdy occupied the ends, and H. W. Eagan acted as interlocutor. Fannie May, who is quite a pleasing songstress, sang "Good-bye, Darling;" Josie Warner, who made her first appearance, rendered "Mary Aileen" in good style; Porter and Purdy both sang comic ballads. In the olio Jennie Eagan danced a Highland fling, Fannie May gave several excellent songs, Josie Farron danced a fancy dance. Josie Warren was loudly encored in her "Songs of the Day," "La Zingarella," by Jennie Eagan and Josie Farron, was well rendered, and Amelia Gorenflo was heartily received in a dance. Purdy in his specialties was immense. Nellie Gray and Dan Collyer in their dances were good. The sketches of "A Mysterious Stranger" and "Life's Plague," with the Parisian cancan, completed the entertainment. Biz fair. Letter of Jan. 1.

CHARLEY MULLEN is spending the Winter months in Pensacola, Florida.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

DEATH OF A PROMINENT MINSTREL.—Sam Sharpley, a well-known Ethiopian comedian and manager, died on Jan. 1 at the residence of his wife's family, Providence, R. I., after a long and painful illness, of a combination of diseases, the principal of which were cancer of the stomach and ulceration of the bowels. Mr. Sharpley's real name was Samuel Sharpe, and he was born in Philadelphia, Pa., June 13, 1831. At the age of sixteen years he became a member of the minstrel profession, and evinced marked talent in the business. For nearly twenty-five years he had been on the road with traveling companies. We think his first venture in management was in copartnership with John Landis of Philadelphia, in a hall in Oil City, Pa., Dec. 31, 1863. In 1858, he was engaged at Sam Sanford's Opera-house, in his native city, where he became a great favorite with the audiences. During that period he appeared on the tambo end, and in the olio gave his irresistibly comical banjo solos. On Nov. 19, 1860, in partnership with Billy Carncross, he leased Jayne's Hall, on Chestnut street above Sixth, and opened it with a first-class minstrel band, the late Frank Brower and other popular performers being in the company. They closed their season Jan. 2, 1861, and started on a traveling tour. He then performed for a season at Wheeling, in the same State, and in 1862 there was quite a rivalry among the New York managers to secure Mr. Sharpley, and, while he was performing at one place at a salary of $75 per week, he was immediately engaged for another, for a period of three weeks, at a salary of $100 per week. He remained this simply to show his popularity at that time. At the expiration of that engagement he organized a minstrel band, started out on his own hook, and visited all of the principal towns in the New England States. He met with flattering success, and after a brief rest he returned to New York and reorganized his company, making many valuable additions thereto, and then started for the West with one of the best bands on the road, which he called "Sharpley's Ironclads." In the Spring of 1863 he returned to New York, and after a short rest reorganized his company, and started on another Western tour, which continued without interruption until June 12, 1865, when they opened a season at the Bowery Minstrel Hall (now Tony Pastor's Opera-house) in this city, Cal Wagner, Hughey Dougherty and Sam Sanford were in the company. The season closed July 29. This hall was reopened as Tony Pastor's Opera-house on July 31, and Mr. Sharpley continued in partnership with Mr. Pastor for some two years. He then, in copartnership with Charles White and Ben Cotton, managed the Theatre Comique, on Broadway, for a brief season, and at the same time was the lessee of the Fifth-avenue Opera-house in the Fifth-avenue Hotel, which subsequently became Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre, and was destroyed by fire Jan. 1, 1873. It was during his management of the latter house that his brother Thomas Sharpe was shot and killed by Edwin Kelly, during a melee in front of that theatre, after a matinee performance on Thanksgiving Day, in 1867, and subsequently tried and acquitted, it having been proven that he acted in self-defense. Shortly after this he started on a traveling tour with his "Silver Show," which met with much success. He then joined Buckley's Minstrels, and, after a tour of the country, they opened in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, E. D., as the successors to Duprez & Benedict's Minstrels, and, after a tour of the country, they opened in the Fifth-avenue Theatre, and in Twenty-eighth street, which was Mr. Sharpley's last appearance in this city. He then organized a company of his own in the Winter of 1872-3, and continued traveling until nearly three months ago, when he closed his season at Lynn, Mass., he being obliged one week, ending Oct. 17, at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, which were his last appearances in public. As a performer he was one of the merriest men ever seen in the minstrel business. His wit was original and mirth-provoking, and he was celebrated for his quickness at repartee. He had a fund of original and prepared retorts as naturally as though he had originated them at the moment of utterance. His banjo solos and songs upon the topics of the day, with interlarded witticisms, were immense, and never failed to elicit the most liberal applause. In business affairs he had a reputation for being conscientious, honest, and in private life he was much liked and respected. During his last illness he was visited by nearly every member of the profession in Providence, as well as by the showmen visiting there temporarily. He was a member of high standing in the Masonic fraternity, of Amity Lodge of New York. His father arrived in Providence from Philapelphia on Jan. 1, and the funeral was appointed to take place Jan. 4. He leaves a widow and one child. The profession has suffered a severe loss by his demise, and his many friends and acquaintances throughout the country will be pained at this sad intelligence.

CARNCROSS & DIXEY'S MINSTRELS, Philadelphia, continue to attract large houses. At the close of the season a manzard roof will be put on the building to give a gallery, another gallery in the stage will be altered and enlarged as much as possible.

THE PANTOMIME of "Nini, or the Fairy of the Haunted Dell," was repeated during the week ending Jan. 2, by Simmons & Slocum's Minstrels, Philadelphia, the attendance continuing large.

CARNCROSS & DIXEY'S MINSTRELS appear at Providence, R. I., Jan. 1, Hartford, Ct., 2, New Haven 4, and are to be at Newark, N. J., 5, Paterson 6, Reading, Pa., 7.

SAM S. SANFORD, who has just recovered from a brief illness, starts on the road with a troupe, performing at Florence Heights, N. J., Jan. 4, Newportville, Pa., 5, Bridgeton, N. J., 6, Pikeville 8.

THE MINSTRELS, at the Opera-house, San Francisco, Cal., continue their prosperous career. The only new features to be noticed are "Love in a Basket" and "The Disciplinarian," introducing Rice, Cotton, Arlington, Emerson, Kemble and Linden.

MESSRS. GRIFFIN & ARTLEE are doing a good business at Hooley's Opera-house, Brooklyn, L. I. Mr. Burton Stanley gave very amusing personations of female characters. The managers this week unite with the minstrels John Denier's Pantomime Troupe, Cotton and Birdue, song-and-dance artists, Maggie Denier, R. M. Tebault and Matt Cormick. Also an array of trained birds.

SHED LECLAIR, trapeze artist, advertises that he can be engaged by addressing his agent, J. H. Webb.

EMMA DAY, serio-comic vocalist, who is now fulfilling a successful engagement at the Olympic Theatre, Troy, N. Y., can be engaged for vacant dates. See opinions of the press and further particulars in our business department.

HARRY M. PARKER and his troupe of educated dogs can be engaged by addressing as per advertisement elsewhere. He has just concluded an engagement in New York.

THOMPSON'S NEW VARIETY THEATRE, Dallas, Texas, J. W. Thompson proprietor, and C. A. Christy stage-manager, is said to be doing a very successful business; and first-class artists desiring engagements are referred to a card in our business department.

FROM ST. LOUIS, Mo., our correspondent gives variety news to Jan. 1 thus: "Business at the Theatre Comique has been very fine. The new faces were Billy Manning, whose negro delinections are good, and he takes well. Nully Pieris' vocalisms are well received. Mons. and Mme. D'Omer come in for a share of applause. Theodore Loyal, on the trapeze, has been doing the best business of his life. Rainforth and "The Mendels," to St. Louis.....[illegible] Varieties there have been no new faces. [illegible] was 25c of admission has been reduced to twenty-[illegible] business has increased. Hattie Rogers [illegible] at this hall, but went to the Jefferson Op[illegible] ayton, O., correspondent.

JOHN BALCOM, for many years chariot driver with Van Amburgh & Co.'s Great Golden Menagerie, died at Frost's Farm, near Connersville, Ind., on Dec. 8, after a short illness of congestion of the brain. He was a native of Providence, R. I., where he leaves many relatives to mourn his loss; also warm friends among the company with which he has been connected for many seasons.

ED. MORGAN, ticket-seller, will spend the Winter on his farm near Harrisburg, Franklin Co., O.

BAILEY'S INTERNATIONAL CIRCUS exhibited at Minden, La., Dec. 29, Homer 30, Arcadia 31, Vienna Jan. 1, Monroe 2. Route: Bastrop 3, Hamburg 4, Gaines' Landing 5, thence by river to Louisville, Ky., where they will go into Winter quarters.

GOULDENBERG'S COLOSSAL AGGREGATION, which has been traveling for some time in the South, is now taking in the back country of Texas. Route: Crockett Jan. 5, Alabama 6, Centre 7, Lynn 8. They expect to be in Mexico the latter part of February. When they reach Crockett they will have traveled, it is said, 4,687 miles, and during that journey out of 85 horses they have only two. S. W. Newton is manager; Charles Woods, assistant; S. S. Newton, treasurer; H. Rose, assistant; Doct. Jennings, ticket seller; Jack Clinton, equestrian manager; and John L. Robinson, advance agent. Among the company are Mr. and Mrs. Frank Howes and Wm. Armstrong.

MISS LIZZIE KEYES, equestrian, and David A. Seal, clown, bareback leaper, etc., are at liberty to accept engagements for the Summer season. Managers are referred to their card elsewhere.

A. F. AYMAR, first-class clown and equestrian, with his wife and boy, who does a tumbling act, can be engaged for the coming tenting season. Address as per advertisement.

M. G. ALEXANDER, a boy, aged fifteen years, wants to apprentice himself to the circus business. He has traveled with the Great Eastern show. See card.

THE HUNTINGS—Mlle. Clarice and Robert—can be engaged for next tenting season. Their business consists of trapeze, equestrian and clown acts, tumbling and leaping. Address as per advertisement.

BATCHELLER & DORIS advertise that they are prepared to negotiate with first-class managers to run privileges on sharing terms.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE CAPITOL THEATRE, Albany, N. Y., can be rented on moderate terms of G. Oppenheim, who advertises. It will seat fifteen hundred, and is furnished with scenery, etc.

PROF. DE LA MANO, magician, whose address find elsewhere, wants an engagement.

MARTINO and troupe were at Oil City, Pa., Dec. 31, Jan. 1, 2.

JAS. HAYWOOD publishes a card recommending the Albion House, Albion, N. Y.

"PEORIA," whose address is care of this office, wants a partner who will invest from $100 to $300 in an exhibition.

D. S. GERRY'S NOVELTY COMBINATION and Panorama exhibited at Colebrook, N. H., Dec. 29, 30, Canaan, Vt., 31, Jan. 1, Scoticook, Canada, 2, and will be at Cookshire 4, 5.

F. W. HELMICK advertises that he will send on receipt of price copies of a German sketch entitled "Down by Dot Orchard."

THE ST. CLOUD HOTEL, Taunton, Mass., is recommended by several professionals, whose names are attached to a card in another column.

CLIFF IVENS, whose address find elsewhere, wants an engagement as advance agent.

THEO. J. HARRACH advertises for sale a Marcy sciopticon, and he will forward on receipt of price a Sciopticon Manual and a Punch-and-Judy instructor.

THE ST. CLAIR HOTEL, St. Louis, Mo., offers special rates to theatrical people. See card.

THE NEW LYCEUM HALL, Lynn, Mass., will be opened about Feb. 1, and parties desiring to arrange for dates can address the proprietors, as per advertisement. The hall will be thoroughly refitted, all modern improvements, and will seat nine hundred.

THE PANORAMA of the Pilgrim is to be exhibited at Harrisburg, Pa., during the current week.

GEN. LEW WALLACE, who has obtained a high reputation as a lecturer in the West, will lecture in Tremont Temple, Boston, on Redpath's Course, Jan. 5. His subject is "An Hour with the Mexicans."

P. T. BARNUM is announced to lecture at Bridgeport, Ct., on Jan. 17.

JAMES HEYWOOD'S LONDON MARIONETTES are to be exhibited at Seneca Falls, N. Y., Jan. 4, Rochester 5, Clayton 6.

FIRE.—The Opera-house, Ottawa, Ill., was burned to the ground on the morning of Dec. 28. The fire originated in an adjoining furniture store. The loss was about $45,000, with an insurance for $25,000. The proprietors, Colwell, Clark & Co., intend rebuilding.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Charleston, S. C., on Dec. 28, says our correspondent, under date of Dec. 31, "one of the largest audiences ever seen in that city assembled to witness the tricks of one Prof. Houdon, magician, and all came away convinced that his tricks consisted in getting their money and giving them in return a key-ring. The Professor, however, thinks that a young man of this city is more than his peer. The Professor gave this young man a free ticket to the show. The agreement was that the young man should win the best prize, a set of furniture, as an advertisement for the show. When the lucky numbers were called the young man went on the stage to get his prize. When asked 'Are you married or single, and which do you prefer, the set of furniture or thirty-five dollars?' he answered, "I'll take the money." After the show was out, Houdon went to find the young man to get the funds returned, but found him treating a lot of friends with the money. He coolly told Houdon that if he asked for its return he would expose him. Another misfortune befell the Professor—his agent, J. H. Marshall, having caused his arrest for salary due. He was taken before the Mayor, but was released on the ground that the debt was contracted in another State."

W. J. C

TERMS:

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FRANK QUEEN Editor and Proprietor.

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Cleveland, Ohio, March 1, one week.
Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, March 22, one week.
Albaugh's Theatre, Albany, March 29, one week.
Ellsler's Theatre, Pittsburg, April 12, one week.
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the following additional notices, of which a Philadelphia newspaper says: Altogether, we have never seen a more spontaneous, hearty and unanimous indorsement of any STAR upon the stage.

All this week this popular theatre has had crowded houses to witness the first appearance, in this city, of the young but talented actor, Mr. Ciprico, who appeared in the title-role of the new play, entitled "Edmund Kean," which was rendered in excellent style. Ciprico appears in two characters, and shows great versatility as the gipsy, Gale Rolfe, and the actor, Edmund Kean, though we believe he did greater credit to his genius in the latter character. Mr. Ciprico's voice is very agreeable, his manner easy, elegant and perfectly self-possessed. His rendition of these characters was received with repeated applause during the performance of the play.—BALTIMORE SUNDAY TELEGRAM, Dec. 19, 1874.

Mr. Ciprico's engagement terminates to-night. It is quite probable that in the future this actor will occupy a very prominent place on the American stage. He is, as yet, new, but the approval Baltimore cannot deny him the possession of the genius of great ability. His play of "Edmund Kean" does afford a display of his fine elocutionary gifts and graceful use of dramatic action.—BALTIMORE AMERICAN, Dec. 19, 1874.

December 14, Ciprico opened in his drama of "Edmund Kean." The drama, while abounding in romance and thrilling dramatic effects, admits of some fine humor. Ciprico in the title-role gave a most pleasing rendition of a most difficult character, for which his fine voice and elocutionary powers seem peculiarly fit him.—CORRESPONDENCE IN NEW YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, Dec. 19, 1874.

George C. Ciprico began a brief engagement with the current week, appearing in "Edmund Kean." The play is of the romantic school, and crowded with opportunities for good acting of which the star takes full advantage. His fine voice and personal appearance place him to realize the most poetic ideal of the great Kean.—CORRESPONDENCE IN NEW YORK MERCURY, Jan. 2, 1875.

George C. Ciprico made his first appearance at the Holliday-street Theatre last Monday night, in a colossal romantic drama, in four acts, entitled "Edmund Kean the Actor." The play, as an embodiment, manifests vigor and profundity of conception. The situations are, for the main, of enchaining dramatic power, or side-splitting in their humorous element. The language is choice, and at times even scholarly, whilst the character drawing is animated and skillfully diversified. Mr. Ciprico's impersonation of the dual role of Gale Rolfe the gipsy, and Kean the actor, was charged with an esoteric force to which his subdued and certain style of acting lent an additional potency. His motions were invested with much grace, and his elocution was natural and artistically inflected, at times thrilling the auditory with its pathos and power; in a love ditty, which was repeatedly encored, he displayed a voice of considerable cultivation. Mr. Ciprico closed on the 19th. The business of the week was much better than it has been for some time.—CORRESPONDENCE IN NEW YORK CLIPPER, Dec. 26, 1874.

NOTE!

This play has been written expressly for Mr. Ciprico by P. A. FITZGERALD, ESQ., of Philadelphia, an ACTOR, and author of many years' standing, and NOT by the parties to whom it has been variously accredited.

The play of "Edmund Kean," and all the exquisite music and songs sung therein, excepting PEERLESS ASTARTE (published for Mr. Ciprico by Messrs. Lee & Walker of Philadelphia), are duly copyrighted, and the sole property of Mr. Ciprico, and warning is again given that any infringements on the same, in whole or any part, will be duly prosecuted according to law.

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